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Original Papers.

MANHATTANER IN NEW ORLEANS.

XV.

HIDE TO THE BATTLE-GROUND.—A STORY OF THE EVENTS OF THE BRITISH ATTACK ON NEW ORLEANS IN 1815.

I HAVE spoken of the Ponchartrain Railroad, and properly recognised its claims to be considered a remnant of primitive railroad management. I ought not to forget mention of its neighbor, which runs out of the same street, at right angles to the road first named, and possesses a similar barn of a depot, and similar Lilliputian energies, and train of hard-backed cars—the Mexican Gulf Railroad—a *chemin de fer* not much better than the Ponchartrain, but more promising in the future; and extending towards the Gulf of Mexico easterly, for a greater distance, through a much finer section of country.

When some opportune earthquake shall come to the aid of its directors—digging out and inclosing a proper harbor at its terminus—the original aims of its founders and the hopes of its enthusiastic President will be fulfilled, and the road be used for other than mere excursionary purposes, by listless time-killers and zealous Waltonians, who desire not a breathing upon the transit of their sheep-head and red fish from native element to the frying-pan or chowder-pot.

Some three or four miles of travel on this Mexican Gulf Railway will bring you to the spot famous in American history as the locality where, in January, 1815, the American forces under command of General Jackson obtained a victory over the British invaders of Louisiana, and drove them from its soil with great and disproportionate slaughter. The spot is well known to orators and poetasters as the *Plains of Chalmette*.

One fine day in early spring-time I had the good fortune to visit it, in company with one who had been participant in the deeds of that occasion; one who every year figures in an immense baronche as a "veteran of 1815," at the head of a military street procession, when the citizens of New Orleans, with patriotic punctuality, celebrate the victory of Jackson and his comrades.

"Here we are," said he, as the cars stopped

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by the side of a very unpoetical ditch, and in view of immense fields of planted sugar cane, about six inches high, a thick swamp wood on our left, and the turbid Mississippi at our right.

"This the battle-ground?" replied I, rubbing my limbs and arms, by way of compound interest upon the dimes invested in the jolting ride.

"Aye, the battle-ground!" he rejoined with eloquent emphasis; thirty-two years of intermediate life rolling away from before his glowing vision, as he thought of the day when, on the spot before him, he battled an invading enemy. "Here is the place where so many brave subjects of King George took their last look on the objects of this life. Brave fellows they were; for I never want to see greater exertions in the very jaws of death than were made that day by the troops of General Pakenham."

"But before your after-reflections, my dear veteran, give me a methodical story of the affair. It will come pat and interesting, with the very ghosts of the illustrious and departed heroes flitting through these rows of sugar cane. And here's a moistener of your memory, in the shape of some *eau de vie*, 1805—ten years before your battle."

Veteran [taking a pull]. "I'm no hand for stories, and have been over the ground so often that —"

Manhattaner. "Over the ground so often;" that's a good pun.

V. No undue interruptions,—that I make out but slipshod rhetoric. *N'importe*, there's a belles-lettres savor about your cordial. But to begin. You remember how unfortunately for us the incursion of the British in Maryland turned out; and how little, nevertheless, of advantage was attained by the invaders. And how that soon afterwards the British fleet, with the soldiers on board, and sundry reinforcements, appeared in the Gulf, meditating an attack upon New Orleans.

M. Who can forget these items! And you might add to the list the coquetting between the Spanish authorities of Florida and the British leaders; not to forget the "self-responsibility" of old Hickory's summary treatment of the Spanish Governor for his military flirtation.

V. We in New Orleans had very exaggerated ideas of the invading movement. We were in uncertainty, too, as to where the attack would be made. Those were not the days of steam-frigates, and we were not afraid of any entrance over the bar and passage, against the Mississippi current, by the ships of war. The British had enough of taking the latter into interior waters, when invading Chesapeake Bay. So our attention was mostly directed to guarding the city by the little lakes. The enemy had studied our topography, and had their eyes upon the Rigoleta, and the Peninsular strip of land which separated the river and the gulf. About the 10th of December, the ships anchored off Cat and Ship Islands—you have seen them from your window at "Montgomery's," while summering at the Pass.

M. And explored both of them, on divers fishing excursions, with that prince of accomplished gentlemen, General S— of Concor-

dia. Pleasant spots both of them for a misanthrope; asylums, mayhap, for decayed statesmen!

V. The Spanish fishermen on the coast had given information that Jackson had some five thousand men only, as available; and but sixteen hundred of these near the city. Whereat the soldiery were much delighted with so encouraging a prospect of invasion. The enemy were cautious, however. They sounded for the best information of a landing-place; and it turned out afterwards that Lieut. Peddie of the army, in the disguise of a Spanish fisherman, made a reconnoitre of the coast. He reported that a little bayou or canal, called *Bienvenue* by the natives, and connecting General Villere's plantation with the Gulf, was just the place to accomplish a landing. It was but ten or twelve miles below the city, and a short distance from where we are. Of course we had gun-boats and that sort of thing upon the lakes. Very well they were manned, too, and bothered the British considerably. But the navigation of Lake Borgne, and the bays about, was very uncertain. A good strong north-westerly wind exposes flats enough for the gambols of a thousand mermaids, and the low water was the cause of the capture of some of their number, and the withdrawal of the remainder. We had rumors of all these things in the city, where all was activity and quick thought. General Jackson was pretty much emperor of the city, and his sayings were law. It seemed despotic to those at a distance; but it was necessary.

M. I can understand how. Your population was mixed. No concert or harmony of opinion. And in consequence of the changes and shiftings of civil rule in previous years, the sands in the hour-glasses of the municipal authorities did not fall so regularly as they should.

V. And it was well Jackson was the man in command, for some of the legislators then in session, were very nervous and undecided. The citizens were wide awake. The women were making clothing for the volunteers expected from up the river, and known to be in want of seasonable habiliments. Children were running bullets. On the 18th of December, Jackson reviewed the militia—a battalion of colored men among them, who handled the musket very well, considering how much more familiar they were with hoes, and hogs-heads, and bales.

So things went on, until the 23d, two days before Christmas. In the morning arrived the Tennesseans, who encamped above the city. About noon in came a son of General Villere's, breathless with haste and excitement, with the news that over two thousand of the enemy, with General Keane, had boated through Canal *Bienvenue*, and were occupying his family plantation.

M. Twelve miles from the city, you said. Close quarters that, and a handful, as it were, of raw militia, to combat disciplined regulars.

V. No sooner was this heard than Jackson was on the move. Carroll's and Claiborne's brigades were left to guard the rear approaches of the city; for he knew not what diversion

the British might make from Lake Ponchartrain. The little war schooner Carolina was ordered to drop down the river, and occupy position on the opposite bank to the Villere plantation. By nightfall of that day the little force under General Coffee was at the enemy, penetrating into their camp while some of them were at supper.

M. Egad, they got hotter coffee than they expected.

V. And Carolina potatoes of a wrong sort for comfortable digestion. The little schooner poured a perfect shower of shot into the enemy's camp, and compelled a remove further back from the river. The British were completely at disadvantage, taken by surprise; and their loss was severe. Our men—particularly the civilians, *militaire pour le moment*,—were somewhat too impetuous, and in the darkness of the night, some of them were separated from their comrades, and taken prisoners. We lost about seventy-five men in that way.

M. Our legal friend —, was of the number. He complained bitterly of the bad feed he got for several days, and of the horribly stupid conversation he was compelled to listen to. To believe his yarns, I'm thinking the midnight attack and the capture of prisoners was a good thing for General Jackson. It gave him a prestige and every prisoner multiplied his force *ad libitum*—mere legal fictions, you know!

V. Perhaps so. But by daybreak Jackson had retreated for a short distance; and the morning light showed him what a fine position he was in for an entrenchment. Before him was this fine plain now stretching out before us. The river and the schooners Carolina and Louisiana protected his right flank; the cypress swamp his left flank. There was a canal in front (it had a name then—Rodriguez), which could be deepened; and behind it raised a wall of clay and other materials (the latter cotton bags, as you know—they are famous now in American history). Immediately the necessary means were employed, and in two days a perfectly secure fortification protected New Orleans from the enemy.

M. I have always wondered why the British leaders remained idle so long: why they allowed the making of these entrenchments without attack.

V. It was a great mistake. But they had a poor opinion of our engineering; and regarded our troops as mere handfuls to the antagonist force they expected to bring. Besides, all their troops were not landed. At daybreak on the twenty-eighth the enemy were decreed advancing in two columns; one on the river road; one by the margin of the swamp. A brief engagement ensued, in which they were repulsed with great loss to themselves, and but little to our own. This temporary check satisfied their invading disposition, and they awaited the reinforcements which were expected with General Lambert. They next set about erecting three batteries—one at the river side, one at the swamp edge, and one directly before our position; with a parapet of clay in line, the embrasures of which were eased with sugar hogsheads. These latter were unfortunate things to use, as it subsequently turned out. They thought the sugar would afford an elastic resistance to shot like as sand; but the cannon balls drove through it, and many were injured by the splinters from the hogsheads. This was but three hundred yards distant from us. A cold and cheerless time they had of it. It was the rainy season of the year; drizzle and fogs; and water all

about them from a breach in the levee made by the orders of Jackson, through which sullenly flowed the Father of waters to pay his respects to the new-comers.

M. Pooh! drizzle and fogs were the very things they liked. Why should a British soldier be different from the British sailor who got drunk with delight while entering the fog-bewildered docks of London one November day after "a month of laying to in the miserable sunshine of Naples?"

V. New-Year's eve was a busy time for the enemy. How they worked with pickaxes and shovels! They were in good earnest, too, as you might see by the shoulder knots of officers bobbing up and down at their labors.

M. And you a nice distance off watching them as coolly as a butcher regards a grazing ox whose fate is sealed for a holiday dinner. Did you make no demonstration?

V. How foolish that would have been! They expected we would have come out to meet them; but in a field fight we knew where the odds lay. Five thousand against twelve thousand! No odds when Mexicans are in the maximum catalogue; but "when Greek meets Greek," etc. On New-Year's morning they commenced cannonading us from their batteries; and we returned the compliment with compound interest, dislodging their cannon in a few hours, and forcing them to fall back in a new position.

M. What were the sloop-of-war doing?

V. The poor Carolina was fastened in position by the current. There was no wind; and after a brave return of cannon shot to some mounted batteries on the river bank of the British camp, a few hot shot wrapped her in flames. The Louisiana was more fortunate, and weighed anchor out of their gun-reach. The overflowing of the plain below our position was unfortunate in one respect, as it assisted the British in their exertions to bring up cannon and ammunition from the fleet. For five days in January they worked at the digging a canal from the gulf to their camp. And thus by the seventh of January the British force, by the arrival of General Lambert's reinforcement, numbered twelve thousand. Some of the prisoners of the twenty-third fortunately escaped, and gave us an inkling of what was to be *l'ordre du jour*.

M. Twelve thousand men! the flower of the British army! How well they must have appeared from your position!

V. "Ah!" (heaving a sigh with a pull at the cordial flask), you are thinking of some holiday parade on your New York Park grounds upon some sunny day. Faith, *mon cher ami*, they didn't appear at all by reason of the fog which was heavy enough to give the cows a bronchitis, and as disagreeable to breathe as the smoke of a cabbage-leaf regalia cigar. The signal—so the escaped prisoners told us—was to be the ascent of two rockets at either wing of their army. We watched for the pyrotechnic display with more earnest attention than any juvenile escaped from school employs at London-Vauxhall or Gotham-Niblo's when the fireworks are momentarily expected. The Barrataria pirates and some veteran French cannoners were our artillerymen at the embrasures of the entrenchment. Behind them were the sharpest shooters of the force—Tennesseans and Kentuckians (who were as cool as if out on a buffalo hunt), with their rifles. And relays of men behind to load, that there might be no intermission in the firing. Squadrons of cavalry were at the right and left flank, and in the rear. On the morning of the eighth the looked for signal was seen, and

hailed with loud cheers from our force. I dare say the enemy was puzzled enough to know what we were cheering about, for the fog was as bad as cannon smoke. And soon after the advance of the British forces were seen coming to meet us with fascines of sugar cane and scaling ladders. On they came, nearer and nearer, as, in years before, their ancestors had advanced upon the redoubts at Bunker Hill. We were prepared for them, and just as they were nearing the ditch, the signal for firing was given. From our embrasures and from the top of the cotton bags there issued a sheet of fire, which, as the loaded rifles were passed from behind in exchange for the discharged ones, became continual. I was at the right flank among the cavalry, and it seemed as if a row of furnaces were giving out their red heat. The enemy were stricken as with one single concentrated blow. Every other man in the ranks had fallen; and throwing down fascines and ladders the brave fellows who were left hastened back to their comrades. There was a brief pause. The stragglers were rallied, and fresh troops supported them. Again they rushed at the sheets of liquid fire which our forces continued to pour forth. You would have thought our men had breakfasted on lead and made coffee out of powder for years, so cool were they with cannon and rifle. On came the British. But it was no battle. Although the balls of their muskets whistled merrily over our heads and plumped into the clay and the wedged cotton at our feet, the slaughter was all on one side. Yet they came on with brave impetuosity. Some of them pulled off their shoes to afford better foothold and jumped into the ditch to clamber over our position; but as they came up by hundreds, the rifles of the Tennesseans picked them off as if they had been blackbirds. They charged—officers and privates indiscriminately—to the very muzzles of our guns, only to fall back lifeless or desperately wounded into the damp and muddy ditch—which was literally filled with bodies. Their onset was so impetuous at our flank by the river side that some of them clambered on the wall (to so call it) and penetrated into camp, where the survivors were surrounded and taken prisoners. I shall never forget the look of one noble officer—a Colonel of the line—as he jumped on a cotton bag, exclaiming, "courage, boys, we have them"—only to fall back the next minute with a rifle ball in his brain. Three times the enemy came up manfully to the attack; and I believe if Generals Pakenham and Keane had kept whole bodies, the advance would have continued until the army was half destroyed. As it was, seven hundred of them were killed, and some fourteen hundred wounded. Our own casualties did not reach seventy-five altogether.

We all thought they would renew the attack; for at nightfall they kept their campfires briskly burning, and were engaged in making batteries. But these latter were but designed to cover their retreat, which was commenced that night unmolested by us. Some generals might have quitted entrenchments to paralyze them yet more, thus disabled and in retreat. But Jackson was contented to let well alone. A battle won with a clean list of killed or wounded is better than a distinguished victory where losses are met with. So ended the Battle of New Orleans.

M. The last engagement of any consequence upon American soil. May it continue the last!

* * * * *
Puff—puff—came along the little locomotive.

tive and its long ear behind; and re-taking seats we forgot our military sighings in the discussion for the benefit of a fat friend on an adjoining seat, of the momentous question whether it was orthodox to eat rum-omelette with "pompano"-fish.

Reports of Societies.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Was founded in the year 1825. Some of the early members have informed us that its origin was owing to a desire to promote a Pennsylvania feeling amongst the citizens of Philadelphia, and to oppose the incursions of the natives of New England. It was at first proposed to call it "The Sons of the Soil," but this was abandoned, and through the exertions of some who united with its first projectors, the name was established as at present; and persons who had resided for ten years in the state were made eligible to membership. The feeling which dictated any restriction of the kind has passed away, and the probationary term has been swept from the face of the constitution. William Rawle, Esq. (now deceased) was the first President of the Society.

The first members made great preparations for going to work. Ten committees were appointed, to each of which was intrusted some branch of the inquiries to which the society proposed devoting itself. The work performed was out of all proportion to the apparatus; of these committees, one made one report, the nine others "died and made no sign."

Instead of securing a room for their exclusive use, the Society hired the privilege of meeting in one of the apartments of the American Philosophical Society, of which Society many of the founders of the Historical Society were members. This was a great error, no place being provided for keeping the relics and other curiosities presented to the Society. The members were in the habit of taking them home "to take care of them." Three fourths of the early donations have thus disappeared, and of those which have been traced difficulty has sometimes occurred in regaining possession. A small closet was appropriated to the library of the Society, and the result was, that after an existence of about nineteen years, their collection of books amounted to sixty volumes, exclusive of some unopened boxes of Congressional documents.

In 1826 the Society published the first part of the first volume of their "Memoirs;" the second part appeared in the same or the following year (its title-page has no date). This volume has now become very scarce, and readily brings its first cost—one dollar per part. In 1827, appeared No. II—Part I., which was followed by the second part in 1830. In 1834 the first part, and in 1836 the second part of vol. III. were issued; and in 1840 the first part of the fourth volume was published. The second part of this volume is now in press, and will appear early in April. It is expected that this will close the "Memoirs," and that a series of "Collections" will be commenced in their stead.

In 1845 the publication of a quarterly Bulletin was attempted, which was continued for three years. It contained extracts from the Society's minutes, and historical papers, that were considered too short for the Memoirs. In interest, this was a more valuable work than the Memoirs, many parts of which must be confessed to be very "hard reading." The two numbers of the Bulletin relating to the Battle

of Brandywine, and the number containing Dr. Senter's Journal of Arnold's expedition to Quebec, were the best numbers, and had a large circulation.

In 1842 and 1843, the Society had fallen into a state of great decay. Of the condition of its library we have spoken above. The officers were highly respectable gentlemen, "all honorable men," but most of them never favored the meetings with the light of their countenances. For many successive months the labors of the Recording Secretary were confined to writing dates, and the words "no quorum" after them. The institution was apparently at its last gasp, and one of the oldest members proposed seriously that they should meet annually "to preserve their charter." The subscriptions were uncollected, and the rent woefully in arrear.

Happily at this period the Society was joined by some gentlemen who had a juster view of their duties and privileges. Efforts were made to increase the number of the contributing members, which met with some success; some of the offices were filled with persons both able and willing to work for the Society.

These new members were satisfied that prosperity would never be attained until the Society had a room of its own. Great opposition was made to this view by some of the older members, who, having done nothing for the Society themselves, seemed unwilling that any one else should. That venerable body, the American Philosophical Society, however learned it may have been in the abstruser sciences, had recently been exhibiting a profound ignorance of every-day affairs. It had purchased the Museum building in Ninth street, without a proper inquiry as to the incumbrances, and very shortly afterwards the building was sold by the sheriff to pay a mortgage upon it. The Philosophical Society lost all they had paid for it, and became greatly embarrassed; a levy upon their library followed. In this state of affairs, the rent paid by the Historical Society became an object with the philosophers. Accordingly, when a proposition to remove to a room in Sixth street was made in the Historical Society, every member who likewise belonged to the Philosophical Society (with one honorable exception) attended and opposed a removal. The movement party—the party of progress—carried their point by a majority of one vote. Mr. Daponceau's death, in the spring of 1844, afforded the means of furnishing the new room. He left the Society a legacy of a few hundred dollars and some good advice. What was done with the advice we cannot say, but the Society very cheerfully took the money.

The benefit of this removal was soon apparent. In less than a year the library amounted to four or five hundred volumes; some of the other property of the society was restored; the number of new members steadily increased. In October, 1847, the Society removed to a more commodious Hall in the new building in Sixth street, below Walnut street, erected by the Athenæum, and here it has continued to flourish. The library amounts to over 1800 volumes, including many volumes of valuable manuscripts. The number of contributing members is about one hundred and eighty, and it is expected that in a year or two it will amount to three hundred. When this number is reached the Society will be able to publish a volume or two of collections every year, and furnish every contributing member with a copy.

A course of excellent lectures has been delivered in the Society's Hall during the present season.

It is unjust to blame the present members for the apathy displayed in the early portion of the Society's career; it is nothing but justice to give them credit for what has been done during the last five years, and judging from its recent progress, we hazard nothing in saying that in a very few years it will be one of the most useful and popular Societies in Philadelphia.

The present officers of the Society are, President, Hon. Thomas Sergeant. Vice-Presidents, Hon. Thomas M. Pettit, William Rawle, J. Francis Fisher, Hon. George Sherwood. Treasurer, Thomas S. Mitchell. Recording Secretary, Edward Armstrong. Foreign Corresponding Secretary, Horatio G. Jones, Jun. Domestic Corresponding Secretary, William Duane. Librarian, Sidney V. Smith. Curator, Howard Spencer. Executive Committee, Samuel Hazard, John Jordan, Jun., Dr. Benjamin H. Coates, John T. Lewis, Townsend Ward, Charles J. Hennis, Lewis H. Weiss, Philip F. Snyder, and George Northrop.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A STATED meeting of the Historical Society, we quote the report of the *Herald*, was held April 2d, at the rooms of the Institution, in the New York University. After the reading of the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting, the Society proceeded to business.

Rev. Dr. VAN PELT read a very interesting paper on the early history of New York, and its first settlement. Captain Hendrik Hudson came here about the year 1609. He returned to Holland, and arrived here again in 1610. The object of the company by which he was employed was the acquisition of wealth; but Providence made it an instrument for his all-wise purposes. Hudson navigated "the great river of the mountains," as the Hudson was then called, and, on his return to Holland, he gave such brilliant accounts of the country, that the Dutch West India Company determined to make further researches, and to populate the country. Two other persons were sent out, and they obtained the exclusive privilege of trading with the New Netherlands. Four thousand emigrants soon after came over to this country—the Dutch to New Netherlands, and the Puritans to Plymouth. Among the Dutch emigrants were many Huguenots, who settled in various places around New York. Horses, cattle, and farming implements, were sent to them by the Dutch government. In 1625, the new colony of New Netherlands numbered two hundred souls, and soon after the island of New York was purchased of the Indians for the sum of sixty guilders, equal to twenty-three dollars. The colonists built some forts for their protection, among which was Fort Amsterdam, now the Battery. The first houses on this island were built on the shores of the East river, of bark of trees, and bricks imported from Holland. In 1681, the colonists had erected Reformed Dutch and French Protestant churches; in 1680, there were other churches in various places. Dr. Van Pelt then proceeded to show the hand of Providence in the guiding and directing of the infant colony. In the first place, the colonists purchased the Island of New York fairly and honorably, and paid the price for the same; they were honest, frugal, and industrious in their habits and dealings; they were religious and erected churches; the magistrates prayed

at the commencement of their proceedings. With such a people, it was no wonder the colony prospered. He then glanced at the subsequent growth and increase of the country, as well as its present condition, and the amelioration which it is exerting on the moral, social, political, and civil condition of mankind. In conclusion, he said it is perceptible that the hand of Providence has, in the early settlement of this island by such people as those who came over and settled in New Amsterdam, now New York, chosen the American people to be instruments in his hands to fulfil other beneficent purposes.

Dr. STEVENS then rose and said:—I rise, Mr. President, to move that the death of John C. Calhoun be entered upon your journal, with the expression of the profound veneration entertained by this Society for his high character, his unsurpassed abilities, and his pre-eminent public services. The name of Calhoun is an historical name. It is meet that an historical society should mark their estimate of his character. His was a beacon light to a wide-spread region—lofty, pure, and brilliant. Long the guide of high-minded patriotism, it would be seen no more, for ever. Let it be permitted, even to me, thus to mingle all private grief with universal public sympathy. While yet a boy, at Yale, I hung upon the first lispsings of his young eloquence, and marked with admiration the intellectual vigor of the ungrown Hercules. In his after life, his college recollections were a bond of friendship which between us was never broken. Sir, we are told by Mr. Holmes that he early read the Bible. Your venerable predecessor, the illustrious Gallatin, was also early brought up in the study of that sacred volume, and lived to know its value. He declared, and charged me to say to Gen. Taylor that he rejoiced in his election; that he occupied a position in which all patriots, all good men, all Christian men could rally round and support him. Sir, the facts I state go to show the value of the early study of the Bible as a means of intellectual culture. As a medical man, I presume further to suggest this opinion: Mr. Calhoun's death, I speak not of the occasion but of the cause of it, was an intellectual death; an overworked mind dwelling too long, too exclusively on one object. Its one thought was for his country. The rapid current of his thoughts, ever running in one narrow channel, deepened its bed until its banks caved in, and the fair landscape became a scene of desolation. What a lesson to intense thinkers, statesmen no less than others! But let us not grieve over this sad occurrence, as if without hope. In another form water rises to beautify the skies, and descends to enrich the earth.

Dr. Stevens then sent up the following resolution, which, being seconded by Depeyster Ogden, Esq., and responded to by the Rev. Dr. DeWitt, was passed unanimously:—

Resolved, That the death of John C. Calhoun be entered upon the journal of the Society, with the expression of the profound veneration entertained by it for his high character, unsurpassed abilities, and pre-eminent public services.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and the Society adjourned.

THE ECCLESIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE regular Quarterly Meeting of the Ecclesiological Society was held on Monday evening, April 1st, in the Sunday-school Room of St. Paul's Chapel. A donation was received of upwards of fifty rubbings from Monumental Brasses, the first specimens ever exhibited in this country.

A paper was then read by the Rev. J. H. Hobart on Pews. He advocated the theory of open or free sittings in churches, and the support of the church and clergyman by endowments and weekly contributions at the Offertory. The reading was followed by a long and interesting discussion of the subject.

A drawing was presented of the cup and paten belonging to the church at Jamestown, Va., erected soon after the foundation of the colony, now in ruins.

Several books were presented to the Society, and after some discussion on incidental topics the Society adjourned.

This Society is the first attempt made in this country to call public attention to a subject important to the interests of art as well as religion. A journal (the Ecclesiologist) is published once in every two months, under its auspices, which is well worthy of the attention of those interested in Church building and decoration, and in the propriety and dignity of church worship. The subscription price is \$2 per annum.

Reviews.

MR. COOPER'S NEW NOVEL.

The Ways of the Hour. A Tale. By the Author of the "Spy," "The Red Rover," &c., &c. New York: G. P. Putnam.

JUST at the close of one of the most singular and widely known trials for murder that ever occurred in this country, Mr. Cooper gives us a novel, the object of which is, he informs us in his preface, "to draw the attention of the reader to some of the social evils that beset us; more particularly in connexion with the administration of criminal justice." If the stars which secured its production under a horoscope so favorable, continue to look after it, the work cannot fail of being unusually successful; more so than most novels written with a didactic purpose.

Mr. Cooper, in his stories, does not limit himself to instructing his countrymen in any particular department. Society, morals, manners, religious faith, criminal jurisprudence, he "touches upon" all of them, as George Dyer did, according to Lamb, upon the varieties of English verse. "Home as Found" was written to improve American manners; the purpose of "The Sea Lions," one of his most interesting, considered simply as a sea tale, was to prove the doctrine of the Trinity; now we have the "Ways of the Hour," intended to show that what we have been educated to consider one of the great safeguards of justice, the right of trial by jury, is "totally unsuited to a democracy." We wish it could be said of Cooper "*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*."

But in truth, though we would by no means imply the application of the line in its full force and meaning, he oftener reminds us of that class of persons who are said to "rush in where angels fear to tread." When we consider what a genuine lover of the Past he is, how firm in good old notions and customs, a man by temperament and a naval education understanding and disposed to uphold discipline, and then look at the tendencies of some of his writings, we can only reconcile the apparent contradiction by supposing him to write on the principle that as all the world is going to destruction as fast as it can, it is his duty to help it along, and at all events be there first. Just as in some diseases the doctors endeavor to hasten on the crisis as the quickest mode of cure. Always very warm against disorganizers and meddlers, he is at the same time always for tearing down before repairing; the

whole building seems to him all wrong, and must be pulled completely down before we can (to use our omni-significant Americanism) "fix it." And sometimes he appears to doubt whether it ever can be "fixed" in any event. But whatever happens it must come down—must, because it seems to Mr. Cooper to be falling, and he sees nothing to sustain it. [The following, from his opening chapter, appears to embody his idea:—

"No—no—the trial by jury is no more a palladium of our liberties than the Constitution of the United States."

"Who or what is, then, sir?" demanded Jack.

"God! Yes, the Deity in his Divine Providence; if anything is to save us. It may not be his pleasure to let us perish, for it would seem that some great plan for the advancement of civilization is going on, and it may be a part of it to make us important agents. All things regarded, I am much inclined to believe such is the fact. But did the result depend on us miserable instruments in the Almighty's hands as we are, woful would be the end!"

It would indeed. But the faith in the Ultimate Good does not require us to believe there exists such an overwhelming balance as Mr. Cooper supposes of Immediate Evil. We should be sorry to believe the world to be really so rotten as he paints it. It is bad enough, all must admit—much worse than any of us once innocently imagined it. There are a great many wicked people in it, and we cannot distinguish them from the good as easily as we could in fairy stories. Justice is anything but perfectly administered, we can plainly see; and it may be within the personal experience of some to know that the doctrines of our religion may be preached by men whose tongues can lie, and whose hearts are like the nether millstone. We can all perceive, also, that in many individual cases there is no remedy for this state of things.

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay"—

must be endured unless we choose to tempt at once

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

All we can do, so long as we remain here, is to endure with fortitude the evil of the world, and endeavor to make the best of it. All the good that is in the world comes through men's positive good intention and resolution. We have no right to fold our hands and comfort ourselves with the notion that Heaven will make all right in the end.

Nor is it a part of any man's business to fancy he has fathomed the designs of Providence to such an extent, as to dive into innovation under a notion that he will guide for the common good the chariot of Progress. This, as we have remarked, seems to be Mr. Cooper's position, particularly in the present volume. He has put together a model which he says is a fac-simile of the working of our criminal proceedings and jury trials. But we find, on examining it, that it supposes a fearful amount of cunning and malice in the bad characters; and a corresponding simplicity and incapacity in the good. The model works upon a new principle—upon Mr. Cooper's theory, not upon movements resembling the actual.

The story is a history of a criminal trial in which the heroine is convicted of murder. The incidents are too minute for an analysis. The scene is laid in and near New York, and the time is the present, though for the life of us we cannot recognise either. A few real personages are introduced, some of whom may be rather astonished to find themselves adorning the pages of fiction; e. g. :—

"In the course of the next half hour, Daniel Lord and George Wood came out of the sanctum, attended as far as the door by Duncomb himself."

(We think the novelist might have said Mr. in mentioning these gentlemen.) The tale appears to have been written in great haste. We observe some slight repetitions and omissions which could hardly have occurred had it been carefully revised. Thus the old New York coachmen now remaining are compared to the monuments along the Appian Way, and a little further on the same comparison is applied to the lawyers' offices in Nassau street. Mrs. Pope's evidence contradicts itself in one unimportant particular. We find also allusions to recent occurrences and discussions of recent questions, such as the New Code, woman's rights, &c., &c. We shall shorten our notice to make room for some piquant extracts.

The novel is in reality a legal one, and lawyers will find much in it that is amusing as well as suggestive. Its author has evidently quite a smattering of professional knowledge, but any lawyer will see that his trial is put together very unskillfully. His heroine finally succeeds in clearing herself by the answers of a witness whom any court would have protected under the circumstances. The whole is a caricature, not a picture of a criminal trial; the same is true of all the characters. As an argument against trial by jury it proves nothing; though there are many hints on that and other topics in the course of the tale which are good to set people thinking. But to our extracts:—

"HORSE-SHEDDING" AND "PILLOWING."

"How the deuce is it, Timms, that you manage your causes with so much success? for I remember you have given me a good deal of trouble in suits in which law and fact were both clearly enough on my side."

"I suppose those must have been causes in which we 'horse-shedded' and 'pillowed' a good deal."

"Horse-shedded and pillowed! Those are legal terms of which I have no knowledge."

"They are country phrases, sir, and country customs too, for that matter. A man might practise a long life in town, and know nothing about them. The Halls of Justice are not immaculate; but they can tell us nothing of horse-shedding and pillowling. They do business in a way of which we in the country are just as ignorant as you are of our mode."

"Have the goodness, Timms, just to explain the meaning of your terms, which are quite new to me. I will not swear they are not in the Code of Practice, but they are in neither Blackstone nor Kent."

"Horse-shedding, 'Squire Duncomb, explains itself. In the country, most of the jurors, witnesses, &c., have more or less to do with the horse-sheds, if it's only to see that their beasts are fed. Well, we keep proper talkers there, and it must be a knotty case, indeed, into which an ingenious hand cannot thrust a doubt or an argument. To be frank with you, I've known three pretty difficult suits summed up under a horse-shed in one day; and twice as many opened."

"But how is this done? Do you present your arguments directly, as in court?"

"Lord bless you, no. In court, unless the jury happen to be unusually excellent, counsel have to pay some little regard to the testimony and the law; but, in horse-shedding, one has no need of either. A skilful horse-shedder, for instance, will talk a party to pieces, and not say a word about the case. That's the perfection of the business. It's against the law, you know, Mr. Duncomb, to talk of a case before a juror—an indictable offence—but one may make a case of a party's general character, of his means, his miserly qualities, or his aristocracy; and it will be hard

to get hold of the talker for any of them qualities. Aristocracy, of late years, is a capital argument, and will suit almost any state of facts, or any action you can bring. Only persuade the jury that the plaintiff or defendant fancies himself better than they are, and the verdict is certain. I got a thousand dollars in the Springer case, solely on that ground. Aristocracy did it! It is going to do us a great deal of harm in this murder and arson indictment."

Pillowling is thus explained:—

"By the way, Timms, you have not explained the pillowling process to me."

"I should think the word itself would do that, sir. You know how it is in the country. Half a dozen beds are put in the same room, and two in a bed. Waal, imagine three or four jurors in one of these rooms, and two chaps along with 'em, with instructions how to talk. The conversation is the most innocent and nat'ral in the world; not a word too much or too little; but it sticks like a burr. The juror is a plain, simple-minded countryman, and swallows all that his room-mates say, and goes into the box next day in a beautiful frame of mind to listen to reason and evidence! No, no; give me two or three of these pillow-counsellors, and I'll undo all that the journals can do, in a single conversation. You'll remember, 'Squire, that we get the last word by this system; and if the first blow is half the battle in war, the last word is another half in the law. Oh! it's a beautiful business, is this trial by jury."

A COUNTY FAVORITE.

"I well know, 'Squire Duncomb, that your opinion of me is not very flattering in some particulars; while in others I think you place me pretty well up the ladder. As for old Duke's, I believe I stand as well in that county as any man in it, now the Revolutionary patriots are nearly gone. So long as any of them lasted, we modern fellows had no chance; and the way in which relics were brought to light was wonderful! If Washington only had an army one tenth as strong as these patriots make it out to be, he would have driven the British from the country years sooner than it was actually done. Luckily, my grandfather did serve a short tour of duty in that war; and my own father was a captain of militia in 1814, lying out on Harlem Heights and Harlem Common, most of the fall; when and where he caught the rheumatism. This was no bad capital to start upon; and though you treat it lightly, 'Squire, I'm a favorite in the county—I am!"

"Nobody doubts it, Timms; or can doubt it, if he know the history of these matters. Let me see—I believe I first heard of you as a Temperance Lecturer?"

"Excuse me; I began with the Common Schools, on which I lectured with some success, one whole season. Then came the Temperance cause, out of which, I will own, not a little capital was made."

"And do you stop there, Timms; or do you ride some other hobby into power?"

"It's my way, Mr. Duncomb, to try all sorts of medicines. Some folks that wunt touch rhubarb will swallow salts; and all pulates must be satisfied. Free Sile and Emancipation Doctrines are coming greatly into favor; but they are ticklish things, that cut like a two-edged sword, and I do not fancy meddling with them. There are about as many opposed to meddling with slavery in the free States, as there are in favor of it. I wish I knew your sentiments, 'Squire Duncomb, on this subject. I've always found your doctrines touching the Constitution to be sound, and such as would stand examination."

THE TEA-CUP LAW.

"Mr. Duncomb, like most elderly persons, has little taste for change."

"It is not that. He thinks that minds of an ordinary stamp are running away with the conceit that they are on the road of progress; and that most of our recent improvements, as they are called,

are marked by empiricism. This 'tea-cup law,' as he terms it, will set the women above their husbands, and create two sets of interests where there ought to be but one."

"Yes; I am aware such is his opinion. He remarked, the day he brought home my mother's settlement for the signatures, that it was the most ticklish part of his profession to prepare such papers. I remember one of his observations, which struck me as being very just."

"Which you mean to repeat to me, Anna?"

"Certainly, John, if you wish to hear it," returned a gentle voice, coming from one unaccustomed to refuse any of the reasonable requests of this particular applicant. "The remark of Mr. Duncomb was this:—He said that most family misunderstandings grew out of money; and he thought it unwise to set it up as a bone of contention between man and wife. Where there was so close a union in all other matters, he thought there might safely be a community of interests in this respect. He saw no sufficient reason for altering the old law, which had the great merit of having been tried."

"He could hardly persuade rich fathers, and vigilant guardians, who have the interests of heiresses to look after, to subscribe to all his notions. They say that it is better to make a provision against imprudence and misfortune, by settling a woman's fortune on herself, in a country where speculation tempts so many to their ruin."

"I do not object to anything that may have an eye to an evil day, provided it be done openly and honestly. But the income should be common property, and like all that belongs to a family, should pass under the control of its head."

"It is very liberal in you to say and think this, Anna!"

"It is what every woman, who has a true woman's heart, could wish, and would do. For myself, I would marry no man whom I did not respect and look up to in most things; and surely, if I gave him my heart and my hand, I could wish to give him as much control over my means as circumstances would at all allow. It might be prudent to provide against misfortune by means of settlements; but this much done, I feel certain it would afford me the greatest delight to commit all that I could to a husband's keeping."

"Suppose that husband were a spendthrift, and wasted your estate?"

"He could waste but the income, were there a settlement; and I would rather share the consequences of his imprudence with him, than sit aloof in selfish enjoyment of that in which he did not partake."

"All this sounded very well in John's ears; and he knew Anna Updyke too well to suppose she did not fully mean all that she said. He wondered what might be Mary Monson's views on the subject."

"It is possible for the husband to partake of the wife's wealth, even when he does not command it; the young man resumed, anxious to hear what more Anna might have to say."

"What! as a dependent on her bounty? No woman who respects herself could wish to see her husband so degraded; nay, no female, who has a true woman's heart, would ever consent to place the man to whom she has given her hand, in so false a position. It is for the woman to be dependent on the man, and not the man on the woman. I agree fully with Mr. Duncomb, when he says that 'silk knots are too delicate to be rudely undone by dollars.' The family in which the head has to ask the wife for the money that is to support it, must soon go wrong; as it is placing the weaker vessel uppermost."

"You would make a capital wife, Anna, if these are really your opinions!"

THE AGE OF BUGGIES.

"When the interview was over, Millington mounted a horse and galloped off in the direction of town, in that almost exploded manner of moving. Time was, and that within the memory of man, when the gentlemen of New York were in

their saddles hours each day; but all this is changing with the times. We live in an age of buggies, the gig, phaeton, and curriele having disappeared, and the utilitarian vehicle just named having taken their places. Were it not for the women, who still have occasion for closer carriages, the whole nation would soon be riding about in buggies!"

THE WAYS OF THE HOUR.

"Anna Updyke, do you marry John Wilmeter with the feeling that he is to rule? You overlook the signs of the times, the ways of the hour, child, if you do aught so weak! Look around you, and see how everybody, almost everything, is becoming independent, our sex included. Formerly, as I have heard elderly persons say, if a woman suffered in her domestic relations, she was compelled to suffer all. The quarrel lasted for a life. Now, no one thinks of being so unreasonably wretched. No, the wronged wife, or even the offended wife—Monsieur de Larocheforte snuffs abominably—abominably—yes, abominably—but no wife is obliged, in these times of independence and reason, to endure a stuffy husband."

"No," broke in Duncomb, appearing from an adjoining path, "she has only to pack up her spoons and be off. The Code can never catch her. If it could on one page, my life for it there is a hole for her to get out of its grasp on the next. Your servant, ladies; I have been obliged to overhear more of your conversation than was intended for my ears, perhaps; these paths running so close to each other, and you being so animated; and now, I mean to take an old man's privilege, and speak my mind. In the first place, I shall deal with the agreeable. Anna, my love, Jack is a lucky fellow—far luckier than he deserves to be. You carry the right sentiment into wedlock. It is the right of the husband to be the head of his family; and the wife who resists his authority is neither prudent nor a Christian. He may abuse it, it is true; but, even then, so long as criminality is escaped, it were better to submit. I approve of every word you have uttered, dear, and thank you for it all in my nephew's name. And now, Mildred, as one who has a right to advise you, by his avowed love for your grandmother, and recent close connexion with yourself, let me tell you what I think of those principles that you avow, and also of the state of things that is so fast growing up in this country. In the first place, he is no true friend of your sex who teaches it this doctrine of independence. I should think—it is true I am only a bachelor, and have no experience to back me—but I should think that a woman who truly loves her husband, would find a delight in her dependence."

"Oh! certainly!" exclaimed Anna—biting her tongue at the next instant, and blushing scarlet at her own temerity.

"I understand you, child, and approve again; but there comes Jack, and I shall have to turn you over to him, that you may receive a good scolding from head-quarters, for this abject servitude feeling that you have betrayed. Go—go—his arm is held out already; and hark, young folk, remember that a new maxim in morals has come in with the Code—"Principles depend on Circumstances." That is the rule of conduct nowadays; that, and anti-temperism, and "republican simplicity," and the "cup-and-saucer law," and—and—yes—and the ever-blessed Code."

"Duncomb was obliged to stop for breath, which gave the young couple an opportunity to walk away. As for Mildred, she stood collected, extremely lady-like in mien, but with a slight degree of hauteur expressed in her countenance."

"And now, sir, that we are alone," she said, "permit me to inquire what my part of the lecture is to be. I trust you will remember, however, that, while I am Mildred Millington by birth, the law which you so much reverence and admire, makes me Madame de Larocheforte."

"You mean to say that I have the honor of conversing with a married woman?"

"Exactly so, Mr. Duncomb."

"I comprehend you, ma'am, and shall respect

your position. You are not about to become my niece, and I can claim no right to exceed the bounds of friendship."

"Nay, my dear sir, I do not wish to say this. You have every right to advise. To me, you have been a steady and well-judging friend, and this in the most trying circumstances. I am ready to hear you, sir, in deference, if not in your beloved humility."

"That which I have to say refers solely to your own happiness, Mildred. Your return to America has, I fear, been most inopportune. Among other innovations that are making on every side of us, even to the verge of the dissolution of civilized society, comes the liberty of woman. Need I tell you what will be the next step in this downward career?"

"You needs must, Mr. Duncomb—I do not comprehend you. What will that step be?"

"Her licentiousness. No woman can throw off the most sacred of all her earthly duties, in this reckless manner, and hope to escape from the doom of her sex. After making a proper allowance for the increase of population, the increase in separated married people is getting to be out of all proportion. Scarce a month passes that one does not hear of some wife who has left her husband, secreted herself with a child perhaps, as you did, in some farm-house, passing by a different name, and struggling for her rights, as she imagines. Trust me, Mildred, all this is as much opposed to nature as it is to prescribed duties. That young woman spoke merely what an inward impulse, that is incorporated with her very being, prompted her to utter. A most excellent mother—oh! what a blessing is that to one of your sex; how necessary, how heavenly, how holy!—an excellent mother has left her in ignorance of no one duty, and her character has been formed in what I shall term harmony with her sex."

AGASSIZ'S LAKE SUPERIOR.

Lake Superior: Its Physical Character, Vegetation, and Animals, compared with those of other and similar Regions. By Louis Agassiz. With a Narrative of the Tour, by J. Elliot Cabot. And Contributions by other Scientific Gentlemen. Elegantly illustrated. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

In the month of June, 1848, a party of gentlemen numbering some eighteen, set out to accompany the celebrated Agassiz in an exploration of the northern coast of Lake Superior. The object of the naturalist was to study the geology and the fauna and flora of the region, and offer a pleasant summer jaunt as well as the opportunity of instruction to his scientific aids in the expedition. The first part of the volume is devoted to the incidents of the journey, in the form of a narrative pleasantly written by Mr. Cabot, one of the voyagers, agreeably diversified by notes of familiar lectures by the leader of the party. The second part contains under appropriate heads the various additions made to science by their collections and observations.

The narrative gives a popular character to the work; and its lively descriptions of the scenery of the country of the great Lake, and the lithograph landscapes, of which there are eight, of remarkable views, and of great merit of execution, will have the effect to make the trip to Lake Superior a temptation to summer tourists. What adds to the pleasure of the perusal is the quiet and gentle air of these scientific travellers, and the evident respect in which they held "the Professor." The notes of the lectures of this gentleman are full of valuable hints to the amateur and student in geology and natural history. There are some very interesting particulars connected with the Falls of Niagara. The Professor in one of his lectures made the following remarks on

THE FUTURE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"I do not think the waters of Lake Erie will ever fall into Lake Ontario without any intermediate cascade. The Niagara shales are so extensive that possibly at some future time the river below the cascade may be enlarged into a lake, and thus the force of the falling water diminished. But the whole process is so slow, that no accurate calculations can be made. The Falls were probably larger and stationary for a long time at the 'whirlpool' than anywhere else. At that point there was no division of the cataract, but at the 'Devil's Hole' there are indications of a lateral fall, probably similar to what is now called the American Fall. At the Whirlpool, the rocks are still united beneath the water, showing that they were once continuous above its surface also."

Some of the party took a delicious *douche* at a little cascade called the "Hermit's Fall," frequented by a crazy Englishman from whom it received the name, and observed the effect of the falling water producing a sensation "like kneading or shampooing by huge hands." A traditional snake story is told, connected with the locality:—

AN INDIAN TROPHY.

"Rattlesnakes are found among the rocks about these cliffs, and one had been taken alive the day before, in the path leading down to the whirlpool. There is said to be a mound of their bones in the neighborhood, erected in token of full revenge by some Indians whose chief had been killed by a rattlesnake's bite."

In the Straits of Mackinaw just before entering Lake Superior, the party, who were travelling in boats, were forced to make a lee under a point on St. Joseph's Island. Here they met a rather roughish customer in shirt sleeves, who turned out to be one of the two proprietors of the island and an Ex-Major of the British army. When the name of the Professor was made known, the Major produced a specimen in spirits of the rare gar fish of Lake Huron, and insisted on his accepting it with other curiosities. We quote his views on

ANNEXATION.

"In company with a friend he had purchased the entire island of St. Joseph's, and devoted himself to farming, bringing up his children to support themselves by the sweat of their brow. He was preparing them, he said, to be American citizens, for he thought the Canadas would form a part of the United States within three years at furthest; and though he for his part was a loyal subject of her Majesty, and would fight to protect her dominions if it came to that—yet he had no objections to his children being republicans."

A vagabond village on the outskirts of civilization is very pleasantly described: the name is somewhat familiar—

THE SAULT DE ST. MARIE.

"The most striking feature of the place is the number of dram-shops and bowling alleys. Standing in front of one of the hotels I counted seven buildings where liquor was sold, besides the larger 'stores' where this was only one article among others. The roar of bowling alleys and the click of billiard balls are heard from morning until late at night. The whole aspect is that of a western village on a fourth of July afternoon. Nobody seems to be at home, but all out on a spree, or going a fishing or bowling. There are no symptoms of agriculture or manufactures; traders enough, but they are chatting at their doors or walking about from one shop to another. The wide platforms in front of the two large taverns are occupied by leisurely people with their chairs tilted back, and cigars in their mouths. Nobody is busy but the bar-keepers, and no one seems to know what he is going to do next."

The writer, in describing the voyageurs who were engaged as boatmen, and who consisted

of Ojibwas, half breeds, and Canadians, remarks of the last named their resemblance to the Irish, and was often surprised at missing the brogue. He accounts for this resemblance by the fact that the original colonists of the Canadas were Normans and Bretons, and therefore may be supposed to retain more of the Celtic blood.

CANADIAN BOAT SONGS.

"Their songs were all French: according to the Professor, the wanton *chansons* of the *ancien régime*, which the ancestors of these men had no doubt heard sung by gay young officers, in remembrance of distant beloved Paris. A strange contrast, as he said, between these productions of the hot-bed civilization of a splendid and luxurious Court, and the wilderness where alone they now survive!"

The peculiarities of the Indians in the matter of exchanges, show that this race is evidently as unsuited for the refinements of trade as in the good old Wouter Van Twiller dynasty, their brethren of New Amsterdam.

THE TREASURE.

"We were told at Mechepecotin (*mishi-pecôtn*), that an Indian came there once from a distance to buy supplies, and produced a bundle, in which, after taking off wrapper after wrapper, there appeared inclosed—a ninipence! He had taken it in exchange for a number of valuable skins."

One of the greatest torments of the party was the number of mosquitoes and sand-flies that infested the Lake shore:—

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

"The flies and mosquitoes made their appearance as soon as I entered the woods, and jumping down into the bed of the stream with the intention of sketching the mass of water that was foaming down over the rocks, I was instantly surrounded with such swarms that there was no getting on without a smudge. Even standing in the midst of the smoke, so many still clung to me that my paper was sprinkled with the dead bodies of those killed, as I involuntarily brushed my hand across my face. We took refuge on the sand, at a distance from the woods, and here were comparatively free from them. But here their place was supplied with sand flies, the *builets*, or 'no-see-ems,' an insect so minute as to be hardly noticeable, but yet more annoying where they are found than the black flies or mosquitoes, for their minuteness renders mosquito nets of no avail, and they bite all night in warm weather, whereas the black fly disappears at dark. Such is their eagerness in biting that they tilt their bodies up vertically, and seem to bury their heads in the flesh. We found, however, that an assortment of camphorated oil was a complete protection, making a coating too thick for them to penetrate, and entangling their tiny wings and limbs."

The habits of a herd of cows at Fort William, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, were somewhat singular.

AQUATIC COWS.

"As the pasturage on the other side of the river is much better than about the Fort, these cows swim across regularly every morning, and back in the evening, a distance of two or three hundred yards. I was much surprised, the morning after our arrival, when the cattle were let out of the yard, to see a cow walk down and deliberately take to the water of her own accord, the whole drove following her, swimming with only their noses, horns, and tails, showing above water."

This river, the Kaministiquia, the party resolved to ascend to its falls, and if we may rely on the accuracy of the lithograph, were well repaid for the difficult ascent by the picturesqueness of the scene.

KAKABEKA FALLS.

"From where we stood we could look up a

long reach of the river, down which the stream comes foaming over a shallow bed, thrown up in jets of spray, like the rapids at Niagara. At the brink the stream is compressed, and tumbles over in two horse-shoe-shaped falls, divided in the middle by a perpendicular chimney-like mass of rock some feet square, the upper part of which has been partly turned round on its base. The entire height of the fall is about one hundred and thirty feet, but somewhat filled up by fragments from above. Its breadth is about a hundred and fifty yards. The name, Kakabeka, was explained by some of the men to mean 'straight down,' i. e., falls *par excellence*, it being the most considerable waterfall in this region."

We shall take up again this interesting work in our next.

MR. ELLIOTT'S LIBERTY OF ROME.

The Liberty of Rome: A History. With an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations. By Samuel Elliott. 2 volumes. Putnam.

WE have heard it objected to this work that there was something vague in the title which left the reader at a loss what he was to expect from it. We must confess that for our own parts, we do not see the force of the objection. The history of liberty seems to us as definite a term as could well be fixed upon for classifying the results of historical inquiry; and surely there can be no higher standing point for a liberal-minded thinker and a believer in humanity. If individual liberty implies free individual development, the history of a people's liberty must comprise the record of all that they have done for the fulfilment of their part in the world's history. For it is only by development that people or individuals claim a place in history. The elaboration of some idea is every nation's mission upon earth, and no eloquence, however glowing, can excite any permanent interest in a people that have left nothing behind them but an epitaph.

Civilization is another general term for the results of a nation's history; and yet we doubt whether it implies more or expresses its meaning more definitely. Civilization is that mode of a nation's life by which it fulfils the conditions of a cultivated and satisfactory social existence. Liberty is the right of developing all our faculties to the utmost extent to which that development can be carried without infringing upon the equal rights of our fellow men. Now, this development must be an essential element of a satisfactory social existence, a condition without which no other condition can be fulfilled. And consequently, to know what ideas of liberty prevailed in a given age or in a given country is to know how far that nation or that age was qualified to fulfil the conditions of its existence. And thus the two terms imply one another. We can no more conceive of civilization without liberty than we can conceive of liberty without civilization. National development presupposes the development of the individual, and there can be no complete individual development where any other restriction is acknowledged than the equal rights of others. Therefore, the history of a nation's liberty is the history of all that it has done for mankind; of its trials, its struggles, its slow and painful development; its conquests over human passion, its power of moulding the human will to the great purposes of human existence; a history full, at times, of sadness and stern lessons, and which no man should approach, who cannot bring to his task an earnest mind and unwavering trust in the destinies of humanity.

Moreover, it is a history which must be writ-

ten in parts. The idea of liberty, like all other great ideas which man is chosen to elaborate, is necessarily progressive. No nation has conceived it as a complete idea, and followed it up in all its applications. In some it will be the predominant idea—in others subordinate—in all it will take the coloring of national character. Sometimes it seems to pervade masses and move them as one man; at others it takes refuge in the secluded study, and is to be found only on the thoughtful page of the philosopher. It inspired the strong individuality of mediæval Europe: the free inquiry of the reformation: the political equality of our own days. Wherever there is life and movement we find it at their source; wherever great developments are found, it is from this that they derive their grandeur and their permanent interest. Therefore, every people which has done its part in this development has a right to its part in the history; and partaking as it does in each, of their peculiar characteristics, it is only by studying it as a national development that the part of each can be clearly defined.

The subject, therefore, which Mr. E. has chosen is one of the noblest—we would go yet further, and say the noblest—in the wide field of history; not one of mere local or temporary importance, but which addresses itself to all the higher feelings of our nature, and comprises all the dearest interests of humanity. It could not have been written a hundred years ago; and even fifty, from how different a point of view would it have been considered! But now the events of every year are fitting us to comprehend it; and all history, from the first lisps of humanity to the full toned declaration of its inalienable rights, is converging upon it as the keystone of that mighty fabric which God has assigned to man as his task upon earth.

Yet we can hardly expect it to awaken so general an interest as a narrative of stirring incidents. It is a record of opinions in which mind is the actor and ideas the results. Battles and sieges and marches, and all the brilliant scenes of external life, are things of secondary importance, and only find a place there when they contribute to the development of some new principle or the confirmation of one that has already been accepted. The historian's inspiration and the reader's interest must be drawn from a purer source—their sympathy with their fellow men, their love of truth, their admiration of the beautiful, their veneration for great efforts and great sacrifices, for self-devotion and earnest endeavor, and their comprehension of the duties and the ends of humanity.

But what are Mr. Elliott's qualifications for so difficult a task? In the literary world, Mr. E. has only been known by a few translations from the Spanish, and a small volume which was printed for private circulation a few years ago, under the title of *Passages from the History of Liberty*. To his friends he has long been known by his firm devotion to letters, his habits of accurate investigation, his justness of thought, and his assiduous cultivation by study and travel of remarkable natural endowments. To all of these his work bears full testimony, and to their union also with that trustful and gentle spirit of Christianity without which earth is a dungeon and history an enigma.

One of the first things which struck our attention on opening these volumes was the extensive range of the references and citations. We have always looked upon this as a great merit in a historian. They give you a confi-

dence in his candor as well as in his industry. They look as if he was not only convinced that he had told the truth, but wished to give you a full opportunity of putting him to the test. And when, instead of being confined to a simple justification of the text, they are spread over a wide field of illustration, bringing art and poetry and all the treasures of extensive reading to the confirmation of their severer sister's teachings, they present so attractive a picture of an author's mind that we can scarcely help envying a life thus passed amid beautiful images and ennobling thoughts. Admirable as Mr. Prescott's narrative is, we admire him still more for that rich and careful culture which almost makes his notes a volume by themselves.

And this extent of illustration is doubly needed in a work like this, which covers India and Egypt and Persia and Greece and Rome—the whole field, in a word, of ancient history. A man of limited reading would hardly venture upon a subject like this. Mr. Elliott has evidently gone to the true sources of ancient history—the original writers; and his references to poets and philosophers are frequent enough to show that he has studied his subject from that most important of all points of view. Niebuhr must necessarily be the guide of every sincere inquirer into Roman history, and Mr. Elliott has frankly accepted him for his teacher: but with the independence of a scholar who respects his master too much not to follow his own judgment whenever he finds good grounds for it.

DESULTORIA.

Desultoria: the Recovered MSS. of an Eccentric. Baker & Scribner.

In the preface to this work, it is stated to have been found on the study-table of its author, after he had committed suicide. This is an unfavorable opening, for we can have little hope to obtain fit guidance for the toilsome journey of the world from one who was unable to bear his part in its toils, unwilling to face its troubles, and manfully do battle to its temptations.

The book is well described by its title. It is a collection of fragmentary essays, of scraps of thought, of chance mental suggestions, sometimes of a few lines, and sometimes expanded to two or three pages. Without being strikingly original, there are much thought and feeling in the book. It bears in a high degree the stamp of genuineness, as if the author himself, like his hero, was groping his way through the mists of thought to the solution of the problem of life.

There is not a name nor a date given throughout the book, in connexion with its characters or incidents. The plot is very slight. A young man has imbibed a taste, more than that, a passion—for books and literary pursuits, but only, apparently, as ministrants to self-gratification. He has withal a warm heart, but he mingles not with the world, repelled by its coldness and insincerity, forgetting that the coldness may be on his own side, and himself the repellent force. "Man delights him not, no, nor woman either," until he observes a young lady at a representation of Hamlet, and is attracted by the interest she takes in the performance, and the varying expression of her countenance with every phase of thought and character of that wonderful play. This is not very natural in a modern theatre, and with the usual proportion of indifferent performers with which managers relieve the brilliancy of their "star," but we may pardon it for the sake of the excellent commentary on

the play as its action proceeds, which is extended to considerable length, and is one of the best things in the book. He is happy for the nonce by an exchanged glance from the lady in the lobby, but we have no more of her visible presence until the hero meets her in a broken-down carriage, on one of his desultory journeys, and takes her on his horse, accompanied by her father and servants, to a wayside inn. He makes himself known, and makes love, not unsuccessfully; but on the morrow the broken carriage is repaired, and they part. A third accidental meeting occurs at a party. He is attentive, and on his return home has a friend battering at his door to tell him that his rival has traduced him to the father of his beloved, and prejudiced the latter against him. He writes a note to the lady; she permits a visit; the lover, instead of seeking an explanation with the old gentleman himself, makes the lady the go-between. We are not informed as to the result, for the next thing we have is a disquisition as to whether the lady loves her father for the sake of the sustenance she is dependent on him for, or himself best. The lady disappears with her father, on a journey, promising to love our hero, and to be his on her return; there seems to be no reason to doubt her sincerity; but our hero's father, who has all along insisted on his son's studying and practising law, that common misfortune of young would-be poets, now insists upon it still more sternly. This produces a rupture; the son goes off to his books, his solitary musings, to the company of an old man who has a violent affection for him, and one day goes to the river, and drowns himself.

This, so far as we have been able to pick it out, is the story of the book. It is needless to dwell on its absurdity. Yet, inconsequential as are its incidents, they may not be impossible have their counterpart in the experience of some diseased-minded student, who has suffered his mind to feed on its own morbid fancies.

With all its faults the book will interest, and be leniently judged by thinking men. Much of the essay matter may be read with pleasure. His love for books, though genuine, seems somewhat miscellaneous, from the following passage, which will give an inkling of the whole:—

"When our feelings are drooping, our blood languid, and our nerves unstrung, we should then resort to Byron. When the head is cool, the feelings all fresh, we should take up Bolingbroke. When the mind is calm and settled, ready for steadiness of thought, be Bacon our book. And, indeed, for every state of mind or feeling, our study is our best and readiest friend. It will yield always what will please us, or, if we wish it, will reason with us; or will laugh with us; for we need never be serious where Cervantes is, or where George Colman is. And if you be literally dying—and I have often been so—I recommend Bulwer. I am fatally fond of him, although I abuse him; and if he fail—and you must be rather a brute in your ennui if he does—why, I have some, by Jove! who will not, I care not how hard you are to please. I take it, that this ennui cannot be cured save by the means which produced it. If intellect produced it, intellect will cure it, and Bulwer will succeed. If passion produced it, then passion is the cure, and Bulwer oftentimes succeeds here; but generally men must cure it faster than by reading, and then they can do no otherwise than plunge into that very passion's mouth which produced it; and like that mysterious power of electricity, which causes one object to attract another to it most energetically, and when received into its influence and there sated, becomes repelled with a force equal to that which attracted it."

George Colman was a good fellow in his

way, and has many a time set the table in a roar, but that table was a lower one than that graced by the presence of Cervantes. When that great humorist and philosopher sat at the board, his place was below the salt; and as for Sir Edward, we should be inclined to seat him still lower, if wit was to be the test.

The fault of the book is that it recognises no standard of duty, no ideal of life, no object to strive for out of the present life. The hero finds the hollowness of all earthly things, even of his beloved books. He has studied, has cultivated his taste, but his wail is that of Faust; Faust, whether in German Goethe, poet, philosopher, or in Marlowe's mighty line—it all ends in nothingness if pursued for self,—self-pleasure or self-glory.

MINOR PHILOSOPHIES.

The Optimist. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Putnam.

THERE is an agreeable Leigh-Huntish spirit in this book, in accordance with the genuine motto on the title-page from Jean Paul. "That I may show the whole world that we ought to value little joys more than great ones; the night-gown more than the dress-coat: that Plutus' heaps are worth less than his handfuls, and not great, but little good-haps can make us happy." To prepare the way for a due appreciation of this genial philosophy, and abate any pragmatism self-love that may be in the path at the outset, Mr. Tuckerman enters upon a highly sensible examination of some of the national traits, which, though in a process of change, are even now opposed to that Pantagruelian life which good fellows and scholars, all over the world, men of travel and of education, of taste and sensibility, are prone to affect. There is too much of Poor Richard about yet, of earthing care and unseemly thrift (with, by the way, as its necessary concomitant, a frequently wanton and joyless extravagance of expenditure), too little of the imagination, too much of the reason, too little repose, but spare social refinement in the midst of universal means and opportunities for this species of culture. Why, Goldsmith's rapsallion, Tony Lumpkin, can teach us better than all this. Hear him quoted with effect by Mr. Tuckerman:—

THE CHILD AND THE MAN.

"The tender brain of infancy is fevered by the spirit of emulation. The child is incited at home by the ambitious views of his parents, and surrounded at school by a system of artificial machinery. Certificates of conduct and studies flutter weekly before his eyes, inspiring the same anxious foreboding that the thought of promissory notes is destined, in after life, to awaken—when the banks suspend specie payments. Then come periodical examinations and exhibitions, for which the pupil undergoes weeks of extra drilling, as if he could not be too early and too deeply impressed with the importance of display. How often is the sensitive New England youth forced to sympathize in Tony Lumpkin's undutiful remonstrance to his mother's officious and mistaken kindness, which she justifies by the common plea, that it was all for the victim's good! 'I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; and don't keep dinging it, dinging it into me so.' And when he leaves the scene of education, whatever his calling, the same principle of 'affected dispatch,' as Lord Bacon calls it, must be acted upon. If he would succeed in business he must identify himself with some popular movement, he must contrive to keep his name before the public, with the epithets, 'liberal and enterprising,' appended to it. A hint must now and then be given, in the papers, of his yearly sales, or the amount of hands he employs. Above all, he must keep up in his own person an appearance of business. His

rapid gait, hasty speech, and short salutations, must give the world assurance of a busy man. Mrs. Jameson, whose observation was artistic as well as sympathizing, observed, that American faces had an outward look. This extends even to American enjoyments, of which it may be said, as some traveller said of the English, 'they amuse themselves sadly after the manner of their country.'

Something akin to this is again hit off in the excellent paper in small space, "Broad Views," in the remarks on the one-sidedness, or what may be called the partisan energy of the times:—

"PACKED UP AND DIRECTED."

"The author of some modern farce makes one of his heroes, an accomplished Parisian duellist, console a foreign coxcomb whom he has challenged, by promising to have him 'neatly packed up and directed.' Somewhat after this fashion, men appear to be dealt with in society. Because an individual sees fit to connect himself with a certain association, manifest an interest in a specific object, or temporarily display, with more than ordinary force, a particular principle of his nature, he is at once classed, newly baptized with a party name, enrolled, severed by an artificial distinction—in a word 'packed up and directed.' An imaginary badge is affixed to him as significant as the phylactery of the pharisee, the star of courtly honor, or the colored ribbon denoting academic or knightly preferment. To all the general interests and purposes of social life, he is proscribed. The usual method of answering the question, 'What sort of a person is —?' is to designate the body political, scientific, or otherwise, to which the individual is attached. A fashionable votary refers you to the 'circle,' a religionist to the 'sect,' and an intellectualist to the 'school'; each 'packs up and directs' that most diverse, spontaneous, and free of human results—character, according to his whim."

What is said of "Conversation" and "Social Life," is equally well said.

Parallel with these more general "philosophies" of our Optimist, is the series of papers, coming up at intervals in the volume, on "Art and Artists," "Travel," "The Profession of Literature," &c. These topics are all handled in an appreciative spirit. The remarks on literature are especially free of the small pretences and assumptions which essayists too often indulge in. Life is recognised as prior to books. Mr. Tuckerman, an author of many books, confesses that the *profession* of literature is somewhat a contradiction of terms. He would have books written from inspiration, and come, as the best do, when their authors cannot help writing them. There is a great deal to be said on both sides of this question; but the truth in the following is from the least regarded side:—

LITERARY DEFECTS.

"Literature is but the record of life. Its professors do but chronicle experience. Their function is important, and may be rendered exalted, but its essential dignity is often overrated. The thought finely expressed in writing, and disseminated by the press, has a more imposing aspect than when it falls casually from the lips, or rises quietly in the mind; but in reality it is the same. As an exclusive form of human development the pursuit of literature often cramps and distorts our nature. Literary men, like the frequenters of the gymnasium, generally enlarge and strengthen one power at the expense of the others. It is extremely difficult to preserve the integrity of the soul when all its energies are devoted to so exacting an occupation. The social character is apt to suffer as life becomes concentrated in mental labor. The process of thinking often becomes a merely selfish exercise. Sympathy is not unfrequently transferred to abstract objects. The real world of suffer-

ing and duty is deserted for one that only exists in an individual's consciousness. The lesser ministries of affection, the minor obligations of humanity, the frank amenities of fellowship are, as it were, absorbed in the solicitous workings of the intellect. To the noblest spirits, literature has been rather a necessary resource than a voluntary pursuit."

Among the minor topics are a half dozen essays on "Eye-Language," "Hair," "A Chapter on Hands," &c., where nicety of observation, and a scholar's range of poetical reading, are brought to bear in the decoration of everyday things, which we cheat ourselves out of a great deal of enjoyment in not appreciating better than we do.

King René's Daughter. A Danish Lyrical Drama. By Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. Boston: Crosby and Nichols.

This dramatic poem presents several novel features. In the first place, the standard five acts is departed from, it being embraced in six scenes; in the second, the length is not more than that of an ordinary afterpiece; and in the third there is no underplot.

These variations are agreeable, for there is no reason why the arbitrary limit of five acts should be placed to a drama, than that an epic should be limited to five cantos, or that the other equally arbitrary requirements should be insisted upon.

The story of the poem is beautiful; so too is the language. There is remarkable terseness in the style, few or no soliloquies, and excepting three songs, scarce a passage which does not carry forward the story. The interest of the piece turns upon the recovery to sight of the heroine, who, blind from infancy, has been brought up in ignorance not only of her misfortune, but of the existence of the faculty of sight,—an idea both novel and highly poetical.

The translator states in the preface that the play was to have been introduced to the public on the stage, by Miss Helen Fancit, but that its production was unavoidably postponed. We are not aware that the design was ever carried out, but it has recently been produced at the Haymarket Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Kean in the leading characters, with great success. A play which will stand the test of the closet and the footlights must present just claims to public favor. The exotic has taken firm root, and our thanks are due to Mr. Martin for the care and labor he has bestowed in its transposition.

As a specimen of the merits of author and translator, and for its own choice beauties, we extract the following

SONG.

Highly be honored
The stranger guest,
Who comes with a blithesome
And cordial heart,—
Brings as a treasure,
Of story and measure,
And fills us with silent and wondering pleasure!

Yet higher than all
Be honor to him,
The guest who doth bring us
Song linked to the lyre,
Who living thoughts, woven
In melody, pours,
And on winged words freely and joyously soars!

With the minstrel enters
An influence holy
Under our portals;
While that he singeth,
Listens the air,
Hushed are the flowerets,
And, lowly inclining,
Stay their sweet breathing to list to the strain.

You, O ye strangers,
You who came hither
With harp and with song,
With me dividing,

Your souls' inspiration,
You do I thank!
Ah! I so feeble,
I could not fathom
All that you sang,
Novel and strange,
Strange as yourselves,
It swept me along, the light winged song.

Here in the valley,
Deep in the thicket,
 Oftentimes nestleth
A stranger bird;
And in the evening,
 Dream-like and still,
 Her song from the leaves doth the nightingale trill.

No one can teach me
To sweep the guitar
Till it throbs like her song.
No one can give me
Her rapturous strain,
That lifted my soul on its pinnons again.

Whence, O ye strangers,
Cometh your song?
Say, is its home there,
Where, as I deem,
Fond aspirations,
Yearning and sighs,
In the slumberous silence of evening arise?

Say, have the airy
Tenants of ether
Taught you their strains?
Strains so enchanting,
Flowing so wildly;
Strains that have freighted
My dreams with delight;
Strains full of story,
Life-like and clear,
Strains that gave glory
To all that is near?

Ned Allen; or, the Past Age. By David Hannay, Esq. Harpers.

HAVE you ever at a dinner party sat opposite a pleasant-looking, amiable gentleman, who conversed in a quiet, pleasant manner, using unexceptionable Saxon, and rounding his periods with Macaulay grace, but who was nevertheless a bore? The worst of all bores, because polite, and, like yourself, a sharer of hospitality. And have you not inwardly anathematized him as peals of laughter or the quiet of interested listening from other parts of the table told you that further up or further down some one was *talking to some purpose*?

Well, while Thackeray, and Miss Sinclair, and Mrs. Marsh, and Melville, and Mathews, and Hawthorne Redivivus are delighting everybody around at the literary feast of the month, we are compelled to listen to our "quiet, pleasant, story-telling Scotch author" (as the London Morning Herald says), from regard to his gentlemanly dress of clear type, and the letters of introduction he brings us from his London publishers, endorsed by the Harpers.

But he is a bore after all; and although, like our hypothetical dinner friend, his Saxon is faultless (indeed, commendable) and his periods highly finished, he writes to little purpose, so far as interest is concerned. His sketches of Scottish character, scenery, and incident, are so prosaical and matter-of-fact, that we wonder the printers of our Cliff street friends kept awake long enough to set our author's matter up.

Mr. Hannay has evidently read a great deal—perhaps travelled; he has practised composition; perhaps figured as a magazinist; and has acquired considerable insight into character, and much acquaintance with the polish of refined society. His insight into character is keen; but this quality is of little use if he employs it for no other purpose than to sketch portraits of humdrum Scotchmen. His ability in belles lettres is thrown away upon sketches of persons and things who have no possible claim for interest beyond their own vicinage.

Our author is unpretending, says some one; true, for he says so himself. His story is one of domestic interest, and more calculated for

gentle sensation than startling effect, cries another. Sketches of social life demanding sympathy and admiration are valuable additions to literature, adds a third. All very true; but just as sure as all acorns are not symmetrical, and all grapes are not sweet and luscious, all stories of domestic interest, all sketches of social life, and all unpretending authors, are not deserving of equal consideration. Miss Sinclair and Miss Austin are of the same class of writers in which our author and his friends place him. But their domestic scenes are piquant; the characters they sketch, whether in parlor or kitchen, are *sui generis*; the conversation their personages in novels indulge in is not of the bread and butter flatness of Mr. Hannay, but sparkling with wine and confectionery.

How many authors crave indulgence because unpretending and domestic in their style! How many of them creep into school classes and school libraries, and lie on drawing-room tables, by reason of their simplicity! The simplicity of the naturally witty Irish dairy-maid, and that of the brainless school-girl, both walk about society in the dress of *naïveté*; but who claims for both the same charm! And if the literary world continues to tolerate these genteel bores of writers, domesticity and simplicity will get to be synonyms with stupidity and insipidity.

The scenes, and characters, and incidents, of the tales of James Hogg, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Allan Cunningham, are all neighbors with those of Mr. Hannay; yet what a difference between them and him in the matter of interest, amusement, and instruction!

As the London Morning Herald says of "Ned Allen," "the story is quietly and pleasantly told." So are the pleas in the daily prints from Messrs Genin and Beebe about their hats.

Says the London Morning Observer of the book—"it is full of racy anecdotes." We have hunted over its pages as carefully as a starving Irish peasant would dig a garnered potatoe field, and have found *one* on page 23, which (barring a smell of Joe Millerism, and a stronger savor of profanity) is pretty much the only good thing in the entire volume.

Woman in America: her Work and her Reward. By Maria J. McIntosh. D. Appleton & Co.

THE Author derives the foundations of European Society from the feudal system—a system the basis of which was the inequality of men, and the hereditary right of one man to rule over his brother.

American Society, on the other side, she says, derives its birth from those Christian principles with which the early settlers of America were imbued, and the principles of religious liberty which, partially understood and ill acted upon by the Puritans, were fully carried out by Roger Williams in Rhode Island and Lord Baltimore in Maryland. The doctrine of that religion is love to all men, equal rights to all men so far as we can secure them, and in that spirit did our fathers declare all men free and equal.

Society abroad, therefore, is restricted by questions of birth and descent. Its spirit is one, to some extent, of arbitrary exclusion. It shuts those out who are calculated to adorn its saloons by their talents, gifts of mind, or person, because they or their fathers may have been engaged in mechanical pursuits or other avocations, barred by their arbitrary code. Here nothing of the kind should exist; yet some among us have succeeded in importing

these restrictions, substituting pride of wealth for pride of birth. The latter has something elevated in it in spite of its faults, the former nothing.

The writer would not interfere with the selectness so necessary for the preservation of good society, but she would make the mind, not the pocket, the standard.

To the ladies, as supreme in these matters, she makes her appeal. She discourages them from worldly marriages and from worldly lives. She would not have them forsake society, but refine and enliven it by the harmonizing influences of Christianity and mental cultivation.

She disclaims for her sex participation in the public duties of the state, recognising in the quiet duties of home, and the high vocation of sister, mother, or wife, the true source of her great power.

There is some sound advice as to the influence to be exerted by refined women in the distant West, by which they may adorn the frontier log-cabin as well as the city saloon. The South also comes in for its share of attention.

The Life of John Calvin. Compiled from Authentic Sources, and particularly from his Correspondence. By Thomas H. Dyer. (HARPER & BROS.) A good life of the great Genevieve Reformer has long been needed, one that is equally removed from the blind partiality of friends and admirers, and from the no less blind and indiscriminate prejudice of theological opponents. Calvin was undoubtedly a great man in several senses, but he was not free from defects of temper and judgment; he was not uninfluenced by the hardening effect of the system of religious doctrine which he elaborated, and which goes by his name; and hence we are not satisfied to look at him as Beza, his devout admirer, would have us, as a man without faults, and never wrong. Calvin was a good as well as great man; and though he was guilty of some things which will ever cling to his name as causes of reproach and dishonor, he was not what his enemies would have us believe, a second Zeno or Hildebrand, a virtual murderer, and so on. What has long been needed is a life of this distinguished man which should present all facts, apart from prejudice, and clearly and properly arranged, and this Mr. Dyer has attempted in the present volume. On the whole it is a successful effort; the author has had access to the best authorities, and has spared no pains to sift every matter thoroughly and candidly. He does not scruple to censure where it seems deserved; he never is backward in praising where it is clearly called for; and he has given us a very readable as well as reliable book. We have been much gratified with his careful analysis of the unhappy condemnation and burning of Servetus, a matter about which Calvin's friends and enemies are greatly divided in sentiment; and we think that he has done good service in placing before the public just what share Calvin had in this business, and how much he is to be blamed or excused, for that fiery trial and execution of a heretic and blasphemer. Mr. Dyer, after giving Beza's panegyric upon his great master, presents a somewhat less glowing, and we believe more impartial view of his character; and concludes his interesting volume in these words: "I have thus endeavored to represent the life of Calvin impartially, neither concealing his virtues nor exaggerating his faults. The terms of unequalled and extravagant admiration in which some

of his biographers speak of him, seem to me neither consistent with facts nor of wholesome example. This unbounded admiration for remarkable men—this hero worship—is a sign rather of weakness than of strength. A mind that suffers itself to be dazzled by some brilliant qualities, is unable to take that steady view which is necessary to the just estimation of a character; and in viewing the leaders of great religious movements, this would seem to be particularly dangerous. It is to be hoped that the days of persecution and intolerance are gone, never to return; but if ever they are to be revived, it is such a spirit that will lead to them. A lapse of three centuries has afforded time enough to mellow opinions; and this should be essentially the age of impartiality and moderation.

Notes on the Miracles of our Lord. By R. C. Trench, M.A. From the last London Edition. New York: D. APPLETON & Co. 1850. 8vo. pp. 375.—The learned author of these Notes is already favorably known by his previous contribution to Theological Literature on the Parables of our Saviour. The present volume is worthy of taking its place by the side of its predecessor; it is full of the same kind of learning,—sound, judicious, exact, and to the point; and it is calculated to give satisfaction to the student and the scholar, not less than the general reader. Mr. French has prefixed a valuable Essay of nearly a hundred pages, in which he defines what a miracle is exactly, and takes up and refutes the various objections,—Jewish, infidel, and rationalistic,—which have been made at various times to the miracles recorded in Holy Scripture. The remainder of the volume is occupied with a clear analysis and lucid exposition of thirty-three miracles found on record in the Gospels. Without pledging ourselves to all the results attained by Mr. Trench, we are very clear that the learning, candor, and copiousness of his work, will commend it to every lover of the truth.

The getting-up is in the usual admirable style of the Messrs. Appleton; good paper, clear type, and accurate typography. We are sorry, however, to have noticed a number of errors in the printing of the Greek,—a serious fault, which is unhappily too common in American books.

Woman's Friendship, a Tale. By Grace Aguilar. (APPLETON & Co.) This novel is an excellent specimen of a class, deservedly popular, of novels designed for ladies' reading. It is, in the first place, interesting; secondly, ends well, though perhaps the lady readers may not agree with us, as the heroine is, mirabile dictu, not married in the last chapter; and lastly, agreeably written. It is a story of domestic life in the upper classes of English society. The idea of the work, the work of truth and friendship, is well developed in the progress of the story, and in the noble character of the heroine the promise of the motto on the first page, Wordsworth's fine lines—

"To show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made,"

is well kept. Novel reading has the reputation with many people of being a profitless matter. That, compared to some other less popular modes of spending time, it is so, is undeniable; but as people will read novels, it is well that the supply is as good in quality as ample in quantity. Great praise is due to the lady writers of the present day, Grace Aguilar among them, for the healthy, practical character of their writings. Young ladies need not now be in the plight of Miss Lydia Languish in the play,

obliged to send surreptitiously to the circulating library, and thrust the new novel behind the sofa; for in narratives such as now abound, not even Mrs. Malaprop could find ground of cavil.

The American in Europe. By Henry Clay Crockett. (E. J. BAIN & Co., London. STRINGER & TOWNSEND, Agents.) The first number of this odd semi-monthly publication is before us. It is a large quarto, comprising eight pages of letter-press, a fine vignette, and three good steel engravings, one of which, the "Music Lesson," is a capital thing, really worth much more than the very low price of the work. For the reading matter we cannot say much until we shall have seen more of it. However, from the specimen we have, it is very easy to discover that there is another "Cockney about in strange latitudes"—a tame one though, and figuring *pro tem.* in a "Yankee Skin," in which our *son-disant* American contrives to make no less than four holes in the first paragraph, through which his Cockneyship is very apparent. "He was raised on the 'weather' side of the 'old' Alleghane—went to 'Hale' College, and determined to visit the Continent, to see how they 'carried on their facins' there."

We imagine that Mr. Bartlett's highly curious "Dictionary of Americanisms" has been laid under contribution for the idiomatic expressions; the author, however, handles the tools like a tyro, and only succeeds in cutting his own finger. The price is but twenty-five cents, and the work is well worth purchasing for its engravings, and for the fun of the thing. Americanisms are evidently rising in the English market.

The Philosophy of Unbelief in Morals and Religion, as discernible in the faith and character of men. By the Rev. Herman Hooker. (CARTER & BROS.) The infidelity against which Mr. Hooker advances his argument, is not the open undisguised disbelief which we happily hear little of nowadays, save, perhaps, in the announcement of a "Free-thinker" lecture on a coming Sunday, but the infidelity, or rather practical unbelief, manifested in the conduct.

The importance of diligent self-examination, of sounding the influences of the heart, the appeals of religion to the reason, as well as to the sensibilities, are all well and earnestly set forth in a calm and logical manner. It is upon these that the book rests, and well maintains its claims.

The Encyclopedia of Chemistry, Practical and Theoretical, embracing its application to the Arts, Metallurgy, Mineralogy, Geology, Medicine, and Pharmacy. By James C. Booth, A.M., M.A.P.S., &c., assisted by Campbell Morfit, author of "Applied Chemistry." (Phila. HENRY C. BAIRD, successor to E. L. Carey.) This extensive dictionary of terms used in chemistry, and the arts and sciences associated with it, is worthy the fine series of scientific works published within the last two or three years in Philadelphia. It comprises nearly a thousand pages of print, with many illustrations accompanying the text. We consider it especially full and complete in the description of the substances discovered by the research of modern chemists; in mineralogy and pharmacy it is likewise very full, forming a most valuable work for reference. The description of processes in the arts, and of the preparation of various substances, is as full of details as the most elaborate treatises of the sciences, and the arrangement alphabetically is the only difference. The materials of the work are derived from the most approved sources. Bergelius, Mitscherlich, Rose, and Liebig in

German, Dana, Berthier, and Reynault in French, and Graham and Turner among the English authors, have been the principal authorities, together with the leading scientific periodicals. The author has interwoven with these materials the results of many years devoted to the study of the science, and its practical application, as an instructor and assayer in the United States Mint. In the first part of the work Dr. Boye was associated with him in its preparation, and Mr. Morfit in the latter. Prof. McCulloh furnished an excellent article on the interesting subject of Electricity. It was the intention originally to have based the dictionary on that of Dr. Ure, but it was deemed proper to abandon that idea, and make it an independent work. So valuable and comprehensive a work of reference is a credit to the advancement of science in the country, and will doubtless be well supported. There is a great demand for works of this class, and the field is abundantly wide for all competitors in the publication of valuable scientific works.

A New Treatise on Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes, in two parts. Designed for the use of High Schools and Academies. By James McIntire, M.D., Prof. of Math. and Astronomy, &c. (A. S. BARNES & Co.: Cin. H. W. DERBY & Co.) It is no easy task to write a good school astronomy. There must be sufficient description to keep the interest and curiosity of the young mind awake to those details that charm the imagination with their power and greatness, and the solid foundations of the science must not be neglected. This happy mean is hard to hit; scholars are so unequal in their mathematical acquirements, that one passes rapidly over what is an insuperable bar to another. The various subjects are all explained by the aid of diagrams, and for the most part accompanied with algebraical demonstrations, suited to the comprehension of those who have commenced that branch of mathematics. Thus the realities of the science are presented in its processes, as well as the sublimity of its revelations. We see that the modern discoveries of Neptune and the five new asteroids are introduced with all the honors due. Part Second contains a full collection of problems on both globes, very judiciously arranged, the attentive study of which, though so frequently neglected, cannot be too highly recommended.

Syllabus of a Complete Course of Lectures on Chemistry, including its Applications to the Arts, Agriculture, and Mining. By Prof. E. Solly. (London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans. Phila: HENRY C. BAIRD.) This Syllabus is the framework of the science, just the very book one would write for his own use to recall the endless series of compounds. Each simple substance is given with its symbol, atomic weight, and a very brief description or rather hints to remembrance; then follow the compounds, with their formulæ and notes, such as would be used in a common-place book. As an assistant to the memory we look on a work like the present as of great value to the advanced student as a companion in the lecture-room, and a means of keeping his knowledge bright. Some fine analogies are brought forcibly out by this comprehensive view of chemical results; among these we may mention those of the series of radicals similar to Ethyle. We should imagine this book an excellent means for those who desire to take up the study of chemistry after the neglect of it for some years.

A Treatise on Baths, including Cold, Sea, Warm, Hot, Vapor, Gas, and Mud Baths, also

on the Watery Regime, Hydropathy, and Pulmonary Inhalation. By John Bell, M.D. (Phil.: BARRINGTON & HASWELL.) We have taken a dip into this valuable work, and have got a sprinkling of its contents. It is written by a member of the profession, to whom his fellows have long been accustomed to look up for instruction. Its appearance is most opportune, for the community generally are so arrayed either for or against hydropathy as it is practised here, and so much error is repeated on both sides, that there was much danger lest the truth should be entirely neglected. This temperate exposition of the whole subject commends itself not only to the profession, but more particularly to the public. It will be found to be of an eminently popular character.

In no country in the world is the custom so universal as here of leaving the city during the summer months for "the springs," or the seashore, and while there using the waters freely, by drinking, bathing, or both. These powerful applications for good or bad are used without any investigation of their qualities or effects. Water impregnated with iron, iodine, sulphur, or magnesia, fresh or salt, warm, cold, or hot, is used without discretion. This work, with its general directions upon this point, will be found useful. A chapter or two on inhalation gives the latest opinions respecting the use of chloroform, and other anæsthetics, a means of relief from pain singularly neglected in this part of the country. A work of this character would be most lamentably deficient if the subject of public baths were omitted. We presume that no man of judgment would hesitate to declare his opinion in favor of such an institution, and the public opinion is already very strong in regard to their establishment in this city. In some respects the 19th century is less civilized than the first.

The Medical Examiner, for March (Phil.: LINDSAY & BLAKISTON), is received. It has its usual selection.

An Introductory Lecture, delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College, Nov. 6, 1849. By H. G. Bigelow, M.D., Prof. of Surgery. (B. B. MUSSEY, Boston.) This little pamphlet is a very creditable production, and particularly interesting as emanating from the son of one who is now an acting professor in the same school. We always considered the mantle ample for two, and trust that its voluminous folds may long cover our old professor and the new incumbent.

Silliman's Journal (March). The usual number of valuable articles. We notice two very elaborate papers by Prof. Dana, a table of atomic weights, in which the latest results of chemical research are embraced, and an article on the Isomorphism and atomic volume of some minerals.

Prof. Lovering contributes an able argument on the proposition of Lieut. Davis, to take New Orleans as an American Prime Meridian. The advantages in a nautical and scientific point of view of the measure are very strongly stated. The general reader will find a very interesting description of the principles of the Euharmonic Organ by its inventor, Mr. Poole, of Worcester, and the manner in which perfect purity of tone is obtained on that instrument.

A JOKE TRANSFERRED.

MESSRS. EDs.:

"Deck and Port" is a very good book, I have no doubt, and the Rev. Walter Colton a very good fellow, but he has made a most inappropriate transfer of a good old joke. He cites an anecdote and a distich, alluding to an unclean variety of

"small deer," and mentions Byron and Lady Blessington as the parties concerned in it. Now the epigram really consists of *four* lines, not two; and it was made upon Lady Mary Wortley Montague. She had insulted, on her own premises, some eminent man of the day (I am not sure but it was Pope), and told him that she "did not care three skips," &c. Whereupon he wrote:—

"Says Montague to me, and in her own house,
'I don't care for you, sir, three skips of a louse,'
No wonder, for women however well bred,
Will still talk of that which runs most in their head."

The idea of Lady Blessington saying such a thing!

This entomological illustration of contempt was a favorite one with Lady Mary, and quite notorious in her time. Swift, in his

"Humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries,"

introduces her as saying—

"'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse,
But the thing that I stand on is the credit of the house."

CARL BENSON.

MR. BUNN'S INSCRIPTIONS.

I WOULD suggest a few additions to the Bibliopole's inscriptions over his Shakespearean Library, as related by Mr. Bunn: vide last Lit. World:—

To Dramatic Authors,

"Honor thy Father."

To Biographers and Shakespearean Novelists.

"Thou shalt not lie."

To Bibliopoles.

"Thou shalt not covet."

Respectfully submitted,

P. P.

Original Poetry.

LINES ON THE LATE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

BY C. F. CRANCH.

CAN I forget thy Carnival, Rome! thy Carnival
flashing
Joy and gay life through thy solemn streets? Ah,
season of pleasure!
When day after day its kaleidoscope turned of bright
robes and bright faces,
Rain of confetti, and snowing of flowers from win-
dow to window;
Tumult of chatter and laughter, glances of youths
and of maidens,
While their exchanges of flowers and bon-bons
beneath the balconies,
Made the heart flutter with dreams of a world too
sweet for possession;
When the masking, the tri-colored plumes in the
broad, black *sombbrero*;
Blouses and harlequins battling like boys in a snow-
balling frolic,
While the thronged Corso opened a way for the
carriages passing.
Wild was the revelry—counting no hours from
noontide till nightfall,
Till, as behind the solemn old palaces dropped the
last sunbeam,
Boomed the loud cannon which cleared the carriages
off in an instant.
Then came the cavalry making an opening amid
the thronged faces
Down from the Piazza del Popolo on the Venetian
palace;
Then the swift race of the riderless horses—the
shouts of the people
Ended each many-hued day. Hearts grew weary
of pleasure,
Tired feet trod upon flowers that lay on the pave-
ment neglected,
And the soiled maskers trailed heavily homeward
their fanciful trappings.
Silent the stars shone down through the narrow
streets—and the watchman
Dozed in his corner, and dreamed of the coming
delights of the morrow.

Then last of all, like a candle that flares at its
death in the socket,
Burst on the night the bewildering blaze of the
wild *mocecolli*—
Flashed in the windows from palace to palace the
swift illumination—
Flashed in the street—on foot and in carriage, each
man and each woman
Bearing aloft from all reach their torches, with
breath or with flapper,
Striving to keep their own, and to put out the
lights of their neighbors,
While "senza mocecolo! mocecolo!" all through
the Corso resounded.

Can I forget thee, Rome, at this season of innocent
pleasure,
Or cease to remember how now the tyrants have
ruffled thy plumage,
Clipped the gay pinions which once every year
thou spreadest in frolic—
Forced thee to laugh when the bitterest scorn should
have answered their meddling—
Forced thee to take thy harp from the willows and
sing at their bidding—
When thou should'st call down the lightning of
heaven to blast thy oppressors!

Patience! The day hastens on. Thunder-clouds
on the horizon
Rumble, and will not rest. Under the thrones a
Volcano
Moans, not in vain—and the hour must come
when the forces electric,
Justice, and Truth, and Freedom, no longer can
slumber inactive.
Then shall thy children exult in a jubilee holier,
grander,
And thy brief Carnival pleasures be but the wild
sport of a schoolboy
To the true Freedom that then crowns thee with
blessing and honor.

THE ORGANIST.

Dedicated to the Organist of the Church of the Advent
Boston.

(Suggested by a German Ballad.)

In the cathedral's solemn shade,
From early matin-song to vesper,
Where faithful Christians round him prayed,
Sat music-thrilled the pious Hesper,
Pouring upon the listening air
His deep, melodious calls to prayer.
Shunning all worldly toil and strife,
His soul by no ambition shaken,
To art he sacrificed a life
Pure as the strains he loved to waken,—
In which, by no foul passion crost,
His spirit revelled sweetly lost.
He yielded to their mild control,
And heavenly harps were ever breathing
Faith's blest cadenzas in his soul;
Whilst daily there was slowly wreathing,
By spiritual hands unseen,
Life's crown upon his brow serene.

His dwelling was a narrow room,
By the cathedral towers overshadowed,—
And by a calm, monastic gloom,
Grateful to world-sick souls, pervaded:
And there, from earth's distractions free,
He lived in saintly purity.

There often sat he rapt in thought,
His soul for holier mansions longing,
With beatific raptures fraught,—
And blessed angels round him thronging;—
His eyes bedewed with joyful tears,
While Heaven's seraphic choir he hears.

As the mute groves of Academe
Still teach the wisdom of the sages,
So the old church his every dream
Peopled with tones of former ages,—
Re-echoing through its arches vast
The *Misereres* of the past.

He recked not studied rules of art;—
Music, spontaneously flowing

From the deep well-springs of a heart
With holy fervor ever glowing,
Made, mid earth's care, and grief, and crime,
His life a symphony sublime.

C. B. F.

Boston, Easter Even, 1850.

DO NOT STRAIN YOUR PUNCH.

ONE of my friends, whom I am proud to con-
sider such; a gentleman, blest with all the ap-
pliances of Fortune, and the heart to dispense
and to enjoy them; of sound discretion,
coupled with an enlightened generosity; of
decided taste and nice discernment in all other
respects than the one to which I shall pre-
sently advert; successful beyond hope in his
cellar; almost beyond example rich in his
wine chamber; and last, not least, felicitous,
to say no more, in his closet of Rums—this
Gentleman, thus endowed, thus favored, thus
distinguished, has fallen, can I write it? into
the habit of—straining his PUNCH!

When I speak of Rums, my masters, I de-
sire it to be distinctly understood that I make
not the remotest allusion to that unhappy dis-
tillation from molasses which alone is manu-
factured at the present day throughout the
West Indies since the emancipation of the
Blacks; who desire nothing but to drink, as
they brutally express it, "to make drunk
come"—but to that ethereal extract of the
sugar cane, that Ariel of liquors, that astral
spirit of the nerves, which, in the days when
planters were born Gentlemen, received every
year some share of their attention, every year
some precious accession, and formed by de-
grees those stocks of Rum, the last reliques of
which are now fast disappearing from the face
of Earth.

And when I discourse on PUNCH, I would
fain do so with becoming veneration both for
the concoction itself, and, more especially, for
the memory of the profound and original, but
alas! unknown inventive Genius by whom
this sublime compound was first imagined,
and brewed—by whose Promethean talent
and touch and Shakespearean inspiration, the
discordant elements of Water, Fire, Acidity,
and Sweetness, were first combined and har-
monized into a beverage of satisfying blessed-
ness, or of overwhelming Joy!

My friend then—to revert to him—after
having brewed his Punch according to the
most approved method, passes the fragrant
compound through a linen cambrie sieve, and
it appears upon his hospitable board in a re-
fined and clarified state, beautiful to the eye
perhaps, but deprived and dispossessed by this
process of those few lobes and cellular in-
gredients, those little gushes of unexpected
piquancy, furnished by the bosom of the
lemon; and that, when pressed upon the
palate and immediately dulcified by the other
ingredients, so wonderfully heighten the zest,
and go so far to give the nameless entertain-
ment and exhilaration, the unimaginable plea-
sure, that belong to PUNCH!

PUNCH!—I cannot articulate the emphatic
word without remarking, that it is a liquor
that a man might "moralize into a thousand
similes!" It is an epitome of human life!
Water representing the physical existence
and basis of the mixture: Sugar its sweet-
ness: Acidity its animating trials: and Rum,
the aspiring hope, the vaulting ambition, the
gay and the beautiful of Spiritual Force!

Examine these ingredients separately. What
is Water by itself in the way of Joy, except
for bathing purposes? or Sugar, what is it,
but to infants, when alone? or lemon-juice,
that, unless diluted, makes the very nerves re-

volt and shrink into themselves? or Rum, that in its abstract and proper state can hardly be received and entertained upon the palate of a Gentleman? and yet combine them all, and you have the full harmony, the heroism of existence, the diapason of human life!

Let us not then abridge our Water lest we diminish our animal being. Nor change the quantum of our Rum, lest wit and animation cease from among us. Nor our Sugar, lest we find by sad experience that "it is not good for man to live alone." And, when they occur, let us take those minor acids in the natural cells in which the Lemon nourished them for our use, and as they may have chanced to fall into the pitcher of our destiny. In short, let us not refine too much. My dear Sirs, let us not strain our PUNCH!

When I look around me on the fashionable world, in which I occasionally mingle, with the experience and observation of an old man, it strikes me to be the prevailing characteristic of the age that people have departed from the simpler, and I think, the healthier pleasures of their Fathers. Parties, balls, soirées, dinners, morning calls, and recreations of all sorts, are, by a forced and unnatural attempt at over-refinement, deprived of much of their enjoyment. Young men and maidens, old men and Widows, either give up their Pitchers in despair, or venturing upon the compound—strain their PUNCH.

Suppose yourself for the moment transported into a Ball-room in a blaze of light, enlivened by the most animating music, and with not one square foot of space that is not occupied by the beauty and fashion of the day. The only individuals that have the power, except by the slowest imaginable sidelong movement, of penetrating this tide of enchantment, are the Redowa-Waltzers; before whom every person recedes for a few inches at each moment, then to resume his stand as wave after wave goes by.

You can catch only the half-length portraits of the dancers; but these are quite near enough to enable you to gain by glimpses their full characteristic developments of countenance. Read them; for every conventional arrangement of the features has been jostled out of place by the inspiring bob-a-bob movement of the dance.

Look before you—a woman's hand, exquisitely formed, exquisitely gloved in white and braceleted, with a wrist "round as the circle of Giotto," rests upon the black-cloth dress of her partner's shoulder; as light, as airy, and as pure, as a waif of driven snow upon a cleft of mountain rock, borne thither in some relenting lull or wandering of the tempest; and beautiful! too beautiful it seems for any lower region of the Earth.

She turns towards you in the revolving movement, and you behold a face that a celestial inhabitant of some superior star might descend to us to love and hope to be forgiven! Now listen, for this is the expression of that face:

"Upon my word this partner of mine is really a nice person! how charmingly exact his time is! what a sustaining arm he has, and how admirably, by his good management, he has protected my beautiful little feet against all the maladroit waltzers of the set! I have not had a single bruise, notwithstanding the dense crowd; and my feet will slide out of bed to-morrow morning as white and spotless as the bleached and balmy linen between which I shall repose. Ah! if he could only steer us both through life as safely and as well! but poor fellow! it would never

do. They say he has no fortune, and for my part all that I could possibly expect from papa would be to furnish the house. How then should we be ever able to—strain our PUNCH!"

And he—the partner in this Waltz—instead of growing buoyant and elastic at the thoughts that belong to his condition of youth and glowing health;—at the recollection of the ground over which he moves:—of the Government of his own choice, the noblest because the freest in the world, that rules it;—of the fourteen hundred millions of unoccupied acres of fertile soil, wooing him to make his choice of climate, that belong to it;—of the deep blue sky of Joy and health that hangs above it; of the God that watches over and protects us all;—and, lastly, of this precious being as the Wife that might make any destiny one of happiness by sharing it—what are the ideas that occupy his soul!

He muses over the approaching hour of supper, speculates upon his probable share of Steinberger Cabinet Wein, and doubts whether the Restaurateur who provides may or may not have had consideration enough to—strain the PUNCH.

Bear with me once more, gentle Reader, while I recite the title of this Essay: "Do not strain your PUNCH."

JOHN WATERS.

Knick. Mag. for March.

The Fine Arts.

CHARACTER OF THOMAS COLE.

THE effect produced by the works of Thomas Cole, on the minds of the mass, may have been slight—almost nothing. An unostentatious kind of Art, chiefly directed to the culture of a love for nature, or the suggestion of moral reflections, cannot be supposed to have much enlisted the attention of the great crowd. The rich treat, however, enjoyed by the lovers of the beautiful, in the Cole Exhibition of 1848, will be long remembered with keen satisfaction. Many thoughtful and cultivated minds, which, through his pictures, have received new impressions of the charms of nature, or more vivid images of the fading elements of this world's splendor and power,—or have been led to ponder on the diverging paths of the Christian and worldling, will ever cherish for his memory a deep love and veneration. In the dearth of what is truly instructive in the mass of pictures with which our galleries are crowded, the man of feeling, the poet, and the lover of sacred things, may well look back with mournful pleasure in contemplation of the character and works of Cole.

The great result at which he arrived in art, that is, the conveyance of high moral and religious truths, through the medium of painting, does not appear to have occupied his mind at the commencement of his career, but to have been gradually developed through several stages of progress, and naturally followed a zealous and conscientious pursuit of the ideal and the true. In early life the love of Nature, as she exhibited herself in the untamed loneliness of our own forest scenery, was his chief passion. He studied to embody whatever was characteristic of the singular grandeur and wildness of mountain, lake, and forest, in the American wilderness. He rejected at this time all that was conventional, all the usual methods of the picturesque, everything that looked like cultivation, or the hand of art softening the rudeness of uncontaminated na-

ture. He would scarcely admit into his productions the hut of the adventurer, or the lonely fisherman; but preferred the canoe of the savage, stealthily moving among fallen pines, or the deer fearlessly drinking the waters of the lake. Could one have looked over a portfolio of his sketches at this time of his life, it would have been found stored with those materials which are abundant in the most terrific and inaccessible fastnesses of our mountain scenery. Silent and transparent lakes shadowed by impenetrable woods, reflecting the bold outlines of precipitous mountains; huge masses of rock, which had once strewn the forests with ruin and confusion, now enriched with moss and wild vines; shattered oaks and mighty pines, and all features of wildness and boldness, with which his early works abound, would have greeted your eyes wherever you turned. His desire at that time appeared to be to seize the true character of our own scenery, and to identify his pencil with it. For several years he clung to this course of study, and scarcely once turned aside to contemplate more peaceful and cultivated landscapes. You will look in vain among the works of this period for pictures of quiet rural scenery; for richly cultivated valleys stretching far away in the sunshine; for gentle streams winding among flower-besprinkled meadows, dotted with cheerful farm-houses, or rich with golden harvests. Such visions hardly formed part of his dreams. As his mind expanded, and the fame of the great Italian painters became familiar to him, there began to be glimpses in his works of that classical feeling which was the glory of Claude and Poussin. He began now to think of visiting Italy; and here was the turning from his first-love to that relish of European scenery which was now gradually infused into his style, and of which manner of composition he has left some of the most perfect instances. On his sailing for Italy, Bryant addressed him with those exquisite lines which so powerfully describe the character of the painter's mind, and call on him, with prophetic warning, to "keep that earlier, wilder image bright."

During his first stay in Italy his manner changed, and his canvas began to reflect images of what surrounded him. We are indebted to the genius of Cole for some of the most touching pictures of characteristic Italian landscape. The blight and decay which had crept over the great works of past ages, and all the beauties of association, were well understood by him. He was now as indefatigable in studying in the environs of Rome and treasuring up in his sketch-book the remains of antiquity, as before he had been untiring in his American studies. Who can ever forget his picture of Roman aqueducts stretching in long line across the plains,—ruinous, enriched with wild vines, and glowing with the hues of a golden sunset; or the many other productions of that time, in which he so admirably introduced the mouldering remains of Roman buildings—the clearly defined and varied outlines of the Apennines—the groups of peasantry in bright-colored costumes, watching their goats or at their devotions before shrines of saints? These and all the picturesque materials of that land so endeared to the imaginations of painters, he combined with such feeling and imbued with such a sentiment, as showed how ardently he loved those classic regions, and how truly and vigorously his mind received the impressions which the loveliness and grandeur of Italy in her decay must make on a sympathizing genius. His mind at this time seems to have been in a state of transi-

tion from the unmixed love of simple nature, to a desire to express some abstract truths. He was now revelling in beauty, and that, too, of a sad and desolate kind. It was soon after his return that he painted the compositions called "The Past and the Present," the "Departure and Return," and other similar subjects, in which it was evident that his mind was dwelling on the unsubstantial and fading nature of human pride and power. With the imagination of a poet and the pencil of a master he portrayed in these pictures the inevitable ruin and overthrow that awaits the ambitious purposes of men. By far the most powerfully conceived of the works of this period was the *Course of Empire*. In this series his mind was dwelling deeply on the silent but sure progress of decay which must eventually bury all earthly things in ruin. How beautifully he marks the advance of a nation's power, from the barbarism of the first state, through the successive stages of pastoral simplicity and luxurious splendor to corruption, anarchy, and hideous overthrow; and finally leaves us lamenting over that melancholy picture of silence, desertion, and utter desolation, which closes the series. The pictures above referred to, and all of that class, together with the "Voyage of Life," are mostly imbued with a philosophical and moral spirit, which, though not without a strong religious bias, did not yet reflect that clear and living Christian faith which shines pre-eminently in his last great work. It is an interesting reflection, that, having worshipped early at the shrine of nature, and in later life drunk deeply of the fountain of poetry and natural religion, the mind of our painter, Cole, should in his last years have been filled with a strong Christian faith, which increased steadily till the close of his life. At his death he was engaged on the series called the *Pilgrim of the Cross and the World*. Though left incomplete, this work was yet sufficiently advanced to show how noble was his conception of the subject, and with what dignity, impressiveness, and pathos he would have treated it had he lived to perfect his designs. In this attempt he aimed to portray the diverging paths of the Christian and the worldling; the first through sorrows, temptations, and dangers, to the final triumph and verge of Heavenly joys; the latter, by a devious and pleasure-strewn way, through gardens of voluptuousness—the temple of mammon—or fields of ambition and carnage, to a visionary throne of lustre and power, which fades in the end to bitter ruin and disappointment, and is finally shrouded in an almost hopeless night and the horrors of eternal death. The Artist fully realized the greatness and solemnity of this subject. His mind, always inclined to love whatever was pure and noble, was latterly all alive to the sacred truths of the Christian faith, and he burned with a holy desire that his works might influence those who saw them, to turn from the earthly and sensual to the Heavenly and Eternal. His latter works are in complete harmony with the teachings of our Divine Master. And truly when one studies that great series of the *Cross and World*, though unfinished and imperfect, he cannot but feel the solemn lessons of Holy Scripture more forcibly impressed on his heart; can scarcely fail to be reminded of the words of the wise king, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" but "the way of the wicked is as darkness, they know not at what they stumble."

Of all his works, the one most completely realizing the sentiment of the sacred text, is

perhaps the one painted to illustrate the twenty-third Psalm, the last finished picture that came from his hands. Never was the luxuriant fertility of a well-watered valley better expressed. The sky is all air and sunshine; the green meadow glistens with dew; the river is deep and transparent, and by its purity and plenteousness well symbolizes that living fountain, "clear as crystal," which the inspired Evangelist saw "proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb."

Cole's religious life was gentle and progressive. At no period was there that sudden and startling change sometimes seen in the case of the boldly profligate or the audacious blasphemer. His piety grew quietly and imperceptibly, as the tree puts forth the tender bud, and twig at first unnoticed, which afterwards spreads out a forest of branches, and casts broad shadows on the plain. It is seldom that the Heavenly Spirit, with sudden and irresistible force, takes possession of the heart of man, converting the howling wilderness of a soul wasted by evil passions, at once into a pleasant garden of blossom and sunshine; more often as a gentle dove he wins his way, brooding silently, and gradually imbuing all the affections with Divine Love; and so at last every evil passion or base habit, skulking in the hidden corner of the heart, disappears, while all the most secret thoughts yield themselves willing captives to the persuasive spirit of love and humility. Such was the even progress made by Cole in a holy life. Great is the satisfaction with which we dwell on the memory of such a life as that of our great landscape painter. Earnestness and sincerity characterized all his early studies. No stain rests on his moral character; no enemy rises to accuse him of treachery, of having abused any trust placed in him; his honor in all dealings with his fellow men is unsullied. His domestic life was spotless. His youth was free from the taint of sensuality. In all his most familiar hours (even in scenes of festivity and most unrestrained hilarity) his genius was never obscured by excess, his conversation never befouled with the slightest approach to obscenity. Though of ardent and excitable temper, never did the harshest provocation ever draw from him an expression pointed with curses or profanity. All who ever conversed with him freely by his own fireside, or among a circle of familiar friends, unhampered by the restraints of an artificial society, will long remember the playful sallies of his wit and humor, his easy cheerfulness, his thoughtful and poetic reflections, the force of truth and variety of his conversation on all topics of interest, occasionally lit up with the rarest flashes of genius.

D. H.

Facts and Opinions.

AN American scholar in Paris thus writes to us of the intellectual pleasures of the Metropolis:—"The winter here has been one of unusual gaiety. Operas, Spectacles, Balls in abundance to supply the pleasure and excitement-loving population with amusement. The *Prophète* which I had the pleasure to hear, and of which the magnificence and scenic effect are far beyond anything I have ever seen, is still frequently produced, and its representation is thronged. To a man, however, fond of literary or scientific pursuits, by far the most fascinating attractions are the lectures at the colleges and other public institutions, where every department of human knowledge is amply provided for, and ably represented. M. Ampère, on general subjects relating to literature and its history, attracts, as usual, a large and attentive audience, and his

learned and lucid discourses are an ample reward for the time spent in his lecture-rooms. M. Charles, a skilful critic, lectures on the literatures of Saxon origin of the seventh and eighth centuries, and his learned and piquant discourses have been so much the more interesting to me, as I have been enabled, by the facilities held out to me here, to make parallel researches on a number of curious topics, and as it were, to descend with him into the twilight depths of European history and civilization. The Sorbonne, the ancient and venerable source of light to all the nations of Christendom, the grand pillar of Catholicism, though different in its tendencies now, and more general, seems still eager to maintain its former intellectual supremacy, by cherishing with maternal affection the knowledge of things human and divine. Here classical learning, history, the sciences, and especially the 'scientia scientiarum,' philosophy, have their able and eloquent interpreters, the advocates of the dearest interests of humanity. M. Jules Simon, the professed disciple of Plato, whom he resembles much in versatility of mind, beauty and depth of thought, alternating with the most sportive and riant humor, has been lecturing to breathless and crowded auditories, on the Republic of his master, in which lectures the great questions, social, political, and moral, now agitated here in France, are handled in a manner not unworthy of the ancient founder of the academy."

Mr. Webster, in the Senate, on the announcement of the death of CALHOUN, thus introduced the leading traits of his character:—"He was calculated to be a leader in whatever association of political friends he was thrown; he was a man of undoubted genius, and of commanding talent. All the country admit that his mind was perceptive and vigorous; it was clear, quick, and strong. Sir, the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner of the exhibitions of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character, it grew out of the qualities of his mind; it was plain and strong, sometimes unsurpassed, still always severe, rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration. His power consisted in the plainness of his expression, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities, as I think, that have enabled him, through such a long course of years, to speak often, and yet always command attention. His demeanor as a Senator, is known to us all—is appreciated, venerated by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man conducted himself with greater decorum, and no man with greater dignity. I think there is not one of us but felt, when he last addressed us from his seat in the Senate, with a form still erect, with a voice by no means indicating such a degree of physical weakness as did in fact possess him, with clear tones, and an impressive and most imposing manner; there is none of us, I think, who did not imagine that we saw before us a Senator of Rome, when Rome survived. Sir, I have not in public, nor in private life, known a more assiduous person in the discharge of his appropriate duties. I have known no man who wasted less of life in what is called recreation, or employed less of life in any pursuits not connected with the immediate discharge of his duty. He seems to have had no recreation, but the pleasure of conversation with his friends. Out of the chambers of Congress, he was either devoting himself to the acquisition of knowledge pertaining to the immediate subject of the duty before him, or else he was indulging in those social interests in which he so much delighted. My honorable friend of Ky. has spoken in just terms of his colloquial talents. They certainly were singular and eminent—there was a charm in his conversation. He delighted, especially, in conversation with young men. I suppose that there has been no man among us who had more winning manners in his intercourse and conversation with young men, than Mr. Calhoun. I

believe one great power of his character, in general, was his conversational talent. I believe it is that, as well as a consciousness of his high integrity, and the highest reverence for his talent and ability, that has made him so endeared an object to the people of the State to which he belonged. Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis, of a high character, and that was unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor, and character. If he had aspirations, they were high and honorable. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or heart of Mr. Calhoun."

The *Post* notices some of the facetiae of the Telegraph:—"Mr. Clifford, the Attorney General of Massachusetts, during his able argument in the Webster case, made one or two poetical quotations, which are curiously reported in the morning papers. The first was this:

'Gild sin with gold, it breaks the strongest arm of law;
Clothe it with rags, and you may pierce it with a straw,'
which has the remotest resemblance in the world to certain lines in King Lear. Then again, Mr. Clifford exclaimed,

'Star-eyed Science has then wandered there,
To bring us only darkness and despair,'

which bear quite as remote a likeness to a distich in Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' but we will not aver positively that the learned attorney or the unlearned telegraph intended the quotation in either case."

The *Washington Daily Globe* says:—"That during the first session of the last Congress, we printed about 1,396,000 pages of speeches of members in pamphlet form, and in the same proportion at the second or short session, and the number we shall print this session will probably not fall short of one million five hundred thousand copies."

The Navy Reform question has brought out a number of valuable contributions on either side in the columns of the *Courier and Enquirer*. One of these writers ("Huron"), on the Anti-abolition-of-flogging side, relates the following anecdotes:—"Again, as to a substitute for the whip. It is seldom that we have an act of indecency done in our Navy. Sometimes there has been thoughtlessness, sometimes cruelty, and these we can check. But never has there been a deed committed that caused such a thrill of disgust among the officers, and such a feeling of hatred and insubordination among the men, as the instance referred to on board the *Vandalia*. It was stated that the object was a boy. This is untrue. He was a man, and committed the offence of mimicking the voice of one of the officers. The fact was reported to the Commander (who is a Captain and not a Commodore) who, with the noble joke of 'making a mocking bird,' had the offender seized to the grating, stripped, certain parts of his body daubed with tar, and covered with feathers. This on board of a United States ship, and in the presence of a United States crew, summoned to witness the punishment! Yet this man's conduct is cited as an example of reform. If such is the beginning, what will be the end? Shame to the man that did it—shame to the persons who uphold it; truly they are the mocking birds who applaud such an abuse of power by such a Captain. I believe that we once had a change of punishment devised and adopted for a short period. It was while the *St. Louis* was cruising in the West India Islands, that the Lieutenant of the ship substituted for the cat a new discipline. When a sailor committed a breach of duty he was ordered to catch cockroaches that were overrunning the vessel. The number to be caught was proportioned to the offence—one dozen for a neglect, two dozen for a disturbance, four dozen for drunkenness, and so in proportion, and the insects were to be run on a string and brought to the officer of the deck, to show that the number was correct, and the punishment ended. Day after day, the old weather-

beaten sailors might have been seen shuffling after the red animals under the hen coops, and down the fore-castle, and then coming aft with hat in one hand, and the long string of captives in the other to report to the officer 'Neglect of duty, Sir—two dozen.' Finally, one of the old tars' time expired, and he received his discharge. Shortly after he caught the officer who had instituted the punishment ashore, and alone. He seized him by the collar and commenced bestowing a most vigorous thrashing. 'If you had a flogged me like a man,' screamed the old sailor, as his fists fell like mallets on the head of the lieutenant, 'I wouldn't ha' cared; but to be sent a cockroachin' like a rat-catcher—ho, d—n your figure-head.'"

The excellent Paris Correspondent of the *Louisville Journal* thus sketches Victor Hugo, in his portrait gallery of the French assembly:—"In stature, Victor Hugo is low; in person full; in manners social; in morals by no means immaculate; in age about forty; in dress fashionable; in aspect genteel, yet scholarly. His hair is black; complexion blonde; mouth, nose, and chin, small, as well as his eyes, which are dark, deep set, and overhung by a forehead perfectly immense in its expanse, and perfectly marble in its pallor. Indeed, Victor Hugo's head is at once remarked by a stranger, as vastly disproportioned to his figure; while his neck is so brief, and his shoulders are so broad, that he seems to wear the aforesaid head, as did Shakspeare's Anthropophagi—between his shoulders! * * * His dress—and one may as well attempt to sketch a horse without his hide as a man without his costume—seemed always to be a dark frock, light pants, white vest, and collar à la Byron, with a loose black cravat. This grave matter of the collar is a peculiarity in Paris. Everybody wears a standing collar but Hugo and Montalembert; and almost everybody else wears the hair short! An Englishman in the French capital is always distinguished by a high, stiff collar, which is sawing his ears off; and a full-blooded Western American by one that leaves his throat bare. All prominent men in Paris are caricatured. Not to be caricatured is not to be known! It is indisputable proof of insignificance! A caricature of Hugo has recently caused no little merriment to the crowds gathered at the oriels of the print shops. It presents a short, fat, little gentleman, with a huge head, sitting in a contemplative attitude, pen in hand, upon a pile of books lettered, Poetry, Romance, Drama, &c. These books rest on a chest filled with bags, and labelled 'Rentes,' the weight of which is crushing a nondescript animal labelled 'Poésie.' [Hugo is wealthy.] Upon this pile of books sits the little fat man, his enormous head supported by a small white hand, his elbow reposing against the twin-towers of Notre Dame, one heel resting on the dome of the French Academy, and the other on that of the Théâtre Français. On his right is seen the Porte St. Martin. In the background are caught glimpses of the most weird and unearthly objects one would suppose even the imagination of the 'Prince of Horrors' could evoke. From the towers of the Cathedral (which Hugo has immortalized) stream banners labelled—'Ode to the Empire,' 'To the Restoration,' 'To the Republic,' &c., &c., indicative of the poet's political tergiversations. There are numerous amusing pendants to this piece. For instance, a swarm of little fellows, of whom he is utterly regardless, are striving to climb the great poet's legs, and kiss the soles of his boots. The application of all this is easy in Paris. For twenty years Victor Hugo has been the Coryphæus of the French Romantic School; and his Dramas, Poems, and Romances, have rendered both him and it immortal, all wide Christendom over."

We regret to hear of the death of M. Vibert, the associate of M. Goupil, in the great Fine Art

enterprise of Paris, London, &c. M. Vibert died in Paris on the 14th ult., and his funeral was attended by the most distinguished artists of Paris. He had but recently returned home in ill health, from a visit to this country.

Apropos of the programme of Der Freyschütz at Covent Garden, Angus B. Reach, in the *Illustrated News*, tells the following capital diablerie story in the words of the original narrator, Hector Berlioz:—"When the 'Freyschütz' was first performed in Paris, I was young and enthusiastic—oh! enthusiastic à mourir. Weber took my heart by storm. I had never heard such music; it drove me out of myself—it bewitched—it enthralled me. There was then a young medical student in Paris, my bosom friend—his name was Eugène Sue. The world has since known it. What Weber was to me, Weber was to him; we both venerated, we both idolized, the great Carl. Night after night were we in the front row of the gallery. To us it was indeed *Paradis*. We never missed a representation. But tastes differ, *mon ami*. There was a fellow who came there as regularly as we; but when we applauded, he hissed—when we burst into raptures, he sneered! The animal hissed and sneered at Carl Von Weber! Was it supportable? No! Three times did Sue and I fall upon him *vi et armis*, and three times was he rudely ejected from the shrine which he profaned. *Eh bien! mais le temps marche toujours*. Our first fervor for the 'Freischütz' abated, but not our friendship. One night, years after, Sue came to me; he was then in the *Hôtel Dieu*. 'Guess, my dear friend,' said he, 'who has died to-day in my ward. A man with a strange disease of the brain, producing distortion of the skull. *Eh bien!* and what then?' 'Why the man is—' 'Who?' 'The old unbeliever in the Der Freischütz.' Again years passed over, and I had forgotten all about the matter. Sue was a great novelist. I had charge of the Grand Opera. I determined to get up the 'Freischütz.' The incantation scene was to be specially splendid. It was not until the last moment that I found I wanted—a skull. Off I set to my old friend Sue. The author had not forgotten the doctor, and his small cabinet of medical curiosities was at my service. 'Take that skull,' he said, 'but for Heaven's sake be careful of it; never was a finer specimen of a rare disease.' So off I went with the relic of mortality. Carefully did I place it in its position, among vampires, and owls, and fiery serpents, and skeleton horses. It was not until the casting of the seven bullets had commenced that a thought flashed upon me. 'The skull! Gracious powers! it may be—it must be—it is—the skull of the man who hissed Der Freischütz!' I flew round to Sue's box. I told him my thought, and he corroborated it. Marvellous is the course of retributive justice! We leaned over the cushion, we gazed at the mute grinning basin of bone, and we said as with one voice, 'This is Der Freischütz! The music of Carl Von Weber is thundering around you! and now, skull, hiss—hiss—hiss—if you can!'"

The "Town Talk" of the *Illustrated News* thus discourses on the present domestic phase of the literature of the day:—"The literary season promises to be a fruitful one. The crop of what I may call cheap domestic periodicals is particularly luxuriant. Never was the world so flooded with recipes for the manufacture and the conduct of all possible household requirements and appurtenances. Never was there such a tide of writing addressed to the ingle-nook—to be read with chair upon the rug and feet upon the fender. Never were wants of young housekeepers and budding matrons more sedulously cared for. The Muses have surely merged themselves in the Penates. So be it—the tendency, if not an exalted, is a wholesome one; and ladies will not be a whit the worse for reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting,

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